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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour was never stronger than in the great scene at the close of the debate on Thursday. Whilst some leaders fumble over their typewritten speeches, or others like Mr. Churchill tear a passion to tatters, he is swift and sure with the thrust that strikes home. After all, as Thackeray wrote, it is the great occasion that brings out the great man. We do not always bear this in mind when we criticise Mr. Balfour as a party leader. His last words in the reply to the Prime Minister made a terrible hit: "He has bought the Irish vote for his Budget. He has bought it successfully. But the price he has paid is the price of the dignity of his office and of the great traditions of which he is the guardian".

It was known so early as Wednesday that Mr. Asquith had arranged with the Irish. On that day Sir Francis Blake at Berwick read out a letter from the Foreign Secretary making it clear that the Budget would pass the Commons without concessions. But, oddly enough, nobody guessed the terms of the bargain between Mr. Asquith and the Irish. Mr. Asquith gulled us all once about the "guarantees" or "securities"; and so we all rushed to the conclusion that he would not gull us twice. And this is the man who at the table of the House prates about the value of his word! He recalls to us part of Buckingham's epitaph on his master—"Whose word no man relies on".

At last we have reached the end of an almost intolerable series of "Resolutions". Out of the forty-five or fifty million people in this country, perhaps three thousand have followed the whole series; but we doubt whether three thousand people could now explain the whole procedure. How many of those alleged hard-headed, highly intelligent workmen of Lancashire could we include in this three thousand? We don't believe a dozen of them have read the full debates, and we are quite sure that if they have they are not much wiser.

The truth is the people who have followed the debates all through and have troubled to understand the whole business consist of the two front benches, a considerable body of M.P.s on both sides, the older hands in the Press Gallery, the Lobby man of the "Times", and some parliamentary officials. We are supposed to be a business nation. We may be, but at least we rule business methods, common-sense, strictly out of our parliamentary system. Could anything be more ridiculous than the way in which the Government have approached this question of the House of Lords? Why in the world have a whole series of real-sham resolutions first, and then propose to introduce a Bill on the same lines? Could the passion for musty, fusty precedent further go? Why could not Mr. Asquith have brought in his Bill straight away, allotting to it just the amount of time he intended allotting to the resolutions and the Bill together, and so to business at the start?

We do not say the Conservative party is wholly free from this belief in futile parliamentary form; but with the leaders of the Liberal party it is simply a religion. It is to the Liberal in authority holier even than red tape is to the sticklers who have been thirty years at one or two of the offices in Whitehall. It is sweet to the Liberal to bring in Bills to gerrymander the constituencies, to disestablish the Church in Wales, and all the rest of the poor old Newcastle programme; but sweetest of all is it to prepare the way by "resolution". The sham of resolution is more precious to them than any reality of legislation could be.

And now no sooner is the end of the resolutions on the Lords in sight than the Government produce a great batch of resolutions about the Budget! Mr. Asquith and his colleagues seem constitutionally unable to do a plain thing in a plain way. It is perhaps not so much that they are subtle about the Budget as that they are horribly muddled. Having done all in the power of a Government to prevent people paying the taxes for months past, they are now about to apply the gag so that the taxpayer may be forced to pay at the earliest possible moment. They might have gathered in all their income tax long ago by a simple resolution—resolution, the very thing they dote on!—without gag at all. But, no, they must borrow and waste the

nation's money, and put off collecting taxes till the last moment, and then do it by the clumsy, brutal practice of the closure.

Of course the vast bulk of the business men are utterly against the Liberal party. Still here and there one does come across an eccentric who clings to the faith of his father or of his firm in its youth. He is a kind of fossil, with a set of arguments that might have come out of a bronze-man's grave or even out of a long barrow; and it is interesting, when one is in a museum vein, to listen to his prehistoric theories. But it is another matter when one turns to men like Sir John Brunner or Mr. Mond. Here are very astute, "up-to-date" men in business, and they strongly support Liberal Ministers. Yes, but we may depend on it the last thing in the world they would assent to would be Liberal Ministers taking a leading part in their businesses. No great business could survive a period of blundering such as the Prime Minister has given us of late in national affairs. Coats' could not stand it, nor Brunner and Mond, nor any of them. Let us at least be thankful our interests in public companies are not directly under the guidance of those who are trying to run the nation!

Mr. Churchill's "historical reminiscences", as Mr. Austen Chamberlain styles them, are delicious. He got off one of them in the debate on Wednesday. It was the Tory Lords, he would have us believe, who carried the Septennial Act over the heads of the people. We never heard Sir Robert Walpole's party called Tory before! Of course, as Mr. Chamberlain told Mr. Churchill, it was the Whigs who passed that Act "over the heads of the people". This was in 1716, when the Duke of Marlborough was still alive. It is strange that Mr. Churchill should not have studied the history of his great forbear's time.

In course of the debate Mr. Stephen Gwynn made a startling discovery. He had been listening to the maiden speech of Mr. Neil Primrose and it suddenly dawned upon him that Mr. Neil Primrose was the son of Lord Rosebery. So he got up and said that after all there might be something in the hereditary principle. Something in heredity! It seemed as if Mr. Gwynn were beginning some sort of game with the House. We looked for one of his friends to save the situation by saying that after all there might be something in gravity. But apparently Mr. Gwynn was in good faith. Perhaps he was misreported and said that there was "everything" in heredity. Even that seems a little obvious.

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Healy have always in some wise been of the same kidney; and one seems to remember the Welshman agreeing that the Irishman was one of the two or three cleverest speakers in the House of Commons. As free lances they loved each other. So no wonder Mr. Healy tries to spare Mr. George in his letter striking at Mr. Redmond. But we need not take too excitedly the affair of honour between Mr. George and his second Mr. Redmond, and Mr. O'Brien and his second Mr. Healy. The truth is these affairs of honour in the House—when, unlike the dangerous scene on Thursday night, they have had time to cool—are scarcely Homeric and heroic now the duel and the clock tower have gone out of vogue. It is nearly twenty years since two fire-eaters stood up against each other in the Lobby, and even that affair ended in not a duel, but a dialogue.

The stuff about Sir Robert Anderson and the Parnellites is old stuff and not very thrilling to-day. Sir Robert was indiscreet. Civil Servants should not write for the papers, they should write for their departments. Besides, how can they find time, with the tremendous pressure of the nation's business on them? It is enough to give them a nervous breakdown. However, we all know that Sir Robert Anderson did some sterling good work at Scotland Yard. It is odd that Mr. Asquith should be so down on Sir Robert Anderson—and yet—

remembering how very necessary it is just now not to offend the Irish master of the Liberal party—perhaps it is not so very odd.

Mr. Balfour made a point in his United Club speech on Wednesday that ought to be pressed at elections—it is very telling. The Lords amended the Old Age Pensions Bill so as to save any poor man or woman from losing the pension by reason of a technical breach of the law, some illegality carrying with it no moral blame, no imputation on character. When the Bill returned to the Commons the Government did not—dared not—object to the amendment, but they threw it out on the ground that the Lords must not be allowed to amend the Government Bill. They deliberately prevented the Lords from doing good. This is the sort of thing the people ought to be told of. It shows up the quality of the attack on the Lords.

By next election Unionist land policy should be clearly defined. The committee appointed, with the approval of Mr. Balfour, to consider the question of small-ownership is beginning in the right way—with finance. The small-holder has to be started on his holding, and the 25 per cent. deposit required of him by the Act of 1892, as Mr. Jesse Collings pointed out in the House on Wednesday, is almost prohibitive. The small-holder must be helped into his holding, and allowed advances from time to time when there. The position of the small-holder is not in any country a sinecure. But a well-considered scheme of small-ownership could be made to work. Co-operation among small-holders themselves and a Land Bank to run to in times when harvests are bad—these are some of the devices suggested to put the scheme beyond touch of failure.

A policy of small-ownership is the best answer to Mr. Lloyd George's policy. Meantime, a definite body has been formed to attack the Budget land policy on its merits. The Land Union is to gather into it all those who are interested in land. That men whose livelihood is bound up with a particular form of property have been chosen for special attack is a just reason why they should resist. Not long ago the Gladstone League met in the Queen's Hall without any reason at all, as the Government have since confessed. The Land Union will have some reason to meet there on the fifth of next month.

Mr. Bagley and the other Commissioners sent out by the Tariff Reform League have returned full of enthusiasm and facts from Germany. They told the story of their visit to peers and members last Monday, and very interesting it was. No wonder so large a number of these busy men gathered to hear them. No doubt a Free Trader would discount what they had to say about the cheapness in Germany of all the things working men want; but he could not get over the sample of clothes produced. Certainly on their face they are marvellous good value. But the most important point made was the vital difference between German labour exchanges and ours. On the books of a German exchange the man in full work may put down his name in the hope of getting a better job, and he very commonly does. Thus the figures of the German labour exchange books are really no evidence of unemployment. To assume, as English Radicals do, that every man on a German exchange book is out of work falsifies the whole argument.

In these days of eternal fiscal talk Sir Robert Giffen's name will be especially missed. Are we not all statisticians now? Who does not quote figures? Sir Robert differed from the rest of us now only in generally quoting them correctly—correctly in fact, however we may judge his reading of them. One feels that Sir Robert should both have lived and died a little hereafter. Until quite lately there were few to consider either his learning or ability. The world ordinarily has not much use for statisticians; though they have much for themselves. And Tariff Reformers have some ground for

thinking Sir Robert Giffen's death premature from their own point of view. His orthodox Free Trade shell was certainly softening, if nothing more.

The appointment of Sir John Dickson-Poynder to New Zealand is not amiss. The Governor of a colony must favour no political party, he must stand aloof from all. This should not prove difficult for a man who in English politics has found no party to suit him, who has belonged to either and been disappointed by each. A Conservative by training and a member of the Unionist party in the House of Commons for some years, "Jack Poynder" joined the Radicals with Mr. Churchill, Major Seely, and others in support of Free Trade and in search of promotion. This has come to him later than to his friends, and perhaps in a direction not altogether desired. Nevertheless he should do well in his new office: he is earnest and interested, hard-working, and a glutton for detail. It will be interesting to see whether colonial experience modifies the creeds of the Manchester School; perhaps in the Labour-Imperialist polity of New Zealand the new Governor may find his political ideal at last.

When Sir George Reid a week or two ago said he must remember that he might shortly be the representative of a Labour Ministry, he prophesied better than he knew. The elections in Australia are not yet complete, but the returns so far make it clear that Mr. Deakin's Coalition has been beaten. There will be a majority for Labour roundly of a dozen. Fusion has failed. The followers of Mr. Deakin on the one hand and of Sir George Reid on the other dropped their fiscal differences in the House of Representatives solely in order to put Socialism, as represented by the Labour party, in a minority. The appeal to the constituencies has brought Labour out in its strength, and Mr. Fisher will have to be sent for. Among the issues involved is the financial arrangement recently arrived at between the Commonwealth and the States. As Mr. Fisher opposed the Bill in Parliament he will have to find an alternative to Mr. Deakin's scheme and a cause of so much friction between the Central and the provincial Government will have to be faced anew.

It is hard lines on Lord Selborne, and probably harder lines on South Africa, that he sails from those southern shores their last High Commissioner, not their first Governor-General. Leaving out Rhodes and that other, his great, frustrated precursor in office, Sir George Grey, no one among the living—barring always Lord Milner, who smashed up the design of Afrikanderdom and prepared those foundations, in the governance of the new colonies, on which General Botha and the others build themselves castles—has done more to make a unified South Africa possible. If that experiment succeeds, to Lord Selborne be praise for the quiet, impersonal fashion in which, holding himself in the background, he steered the ship of Union through troublous waters. If unification should prove no unmixed blessing, that failure will not be his; he did the best things possible in his time and place.

He leaves behind him a good name and a good memory. The Dutch trusted him, liking his accessibility, his energy in trekking among them, his easy manner, his pipe. If the game imposed on him by circumstances was not always appreciated by all the British population of the Rand, what a task was his who followed Lord Milner, their champion, their redresser, of intolerable wrong; and praise of Lord Selborne is universal now. He was well served by Lady Selborne, by Lord Milner's "Kindergarten", and by an excellent staff, among whom one may without offence mention Mr. Dougal Malcolm (of the Colonial Office and Fellow of All Souls), an inspired private secretary and a man of rare charm.

After all, to be a good man seems not unimportant. If Lord Selborne did not notably excel in the social and entertaining side of his high office, those who grumbled might emulate the catholicity of the old Scotchwoman who was asked about her parish clergyman: "He doesna

visit muckle", said she; "but then a'budy [Anglice, everybody] to his ain turn." When poor Colonel "Frankie" Rhodes was sentenced to death at Pretoria after the Raid, a not over-impressionable Dutch barrister who had watched the dear Person's demeanour turned a glowing face to an English neighbour at his side. "Now", he said, "I know what you mean by an officer and a gentleman." That is a fine thing to be, but so is a Christian gentleman, and one of the type sails from South Africa in its last High Commissioner.

The Persian Government has refused to accept the Anglo-Russian loan. The conditions are too hard, they say. They certainly are hard; but this is not an ordinary case. The way in which the money is spent may affect both the security and other interests in which the lenders are concerned. Nevertheless a concession to Persian vanity might have been worth considering. The sum involved, four hundred thousand pounds, is not large, and the lenders have in their hands effectual means for recovering the debt if Persia does not fulfil her engagements. Persia will not long be able to finance her Administration on the sale proceeds of Crown jewels. The last has not yet been heard of the Anglo-Russian loan.

So far as we have any definite news, it would appear that the rising in Albania is for the moment at an end. It is, however, significant that the Turkish Government does not withdraw its troops, who are to proceed to Prishtina "as a precautionary measure". The origin of the trouble is clear, the "Young Turks" have been trying to govern the Albanians and they don't like it. The Turks will therefore probably have either to abandon Albania or their professed objects. Any serious attempt to force all these clans and races into an "Ottoman" whole must be abandoned. So must all similar attempts throughout European Turkey unless a general war is to be the result. According to the "Times" correspondent the malcontents allege that "the new Government differs little from the old". But that is what every unprejudiced observer has said from the first.

The German Imperial Increment Tax Bill just presented in the Reichstag has been more thoughtfully drawn than the increment clauses in Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. For instance, the German increment tax—levied when land passes from owner to owner—varies in amount according to the term of possession. The shorter the term the heavier the tax. It also varies with the percentage of increase in value on the purchase price. The higher the percentage the higher the tax. Increment taxes are, of course, not new in Germany. This will simply secure for the Empire fifty per cent. of the increment now being collected by the municipalities. The municipalities are left with forty per cent. for themselves, and ten per cent. to cover the cost of collection.

The Prussian Diet has had a debate this week on the wax bust. It seems to have been a party question. "Representatives of the Right and Centre praised the bust"; and patriotic Germans deplored the attack upon Dr. Bode. They improve these occasions in Germany. What a chance we have missed over here! Conceive a debate in the Commons on the Rokeby Venus, with Mr. Asquith dodging to capture the Irish vote for Velasquez, or Mr. Lloyd George trying to reconcile the Welsh nonconformist conscience to an unclothed Venus by anybody at all. The debate would have been worth hearing.

Citizen Briand's speech at S. Etienne has at any rate made one thing clear. He is bent on putting his own party in a strong position, and he will do it in the name of electoral reform. Suddenly he is anxious to have the scrutin de liste and not the scrutin d'arrondissement. Under the scrutin de liste a number of deputies are elected for a large area. Under the scrutin d'arrondissement one deputy is elected for a small area. The method of the scrutin de liste will not give minorities a chance, as there is to be no proportional representation. M. Briand thinks the country quite



recovered from Boulanger, and wishes to hear as little as may be of minorities. Moreover, he wants the tenure of the deputies to be longer and more secure. He would have it that only one-third of them be renewed every three years. The principle of local representation, and local control of the deputies is hit in this programme twice over. Socialists in France are no longer pleased with Citizen Briand.

In France it is never possible to say where a strike will end. The genuine economic grievance that sets it going is as a rule only preliminary. The strike at Marseilles has ceased to be intelligible as an arguable case between the inscrites maritimes and the Government. Paid agitators, run by the General Confederation of Labour, have been down from Paris, and have done what they can to make the strike general. Marseilles is being occupied by the military, and trade is coming to a stop. Not a tenth of the people rioting in the streets know what it is all about. The Confederation has behaved quite wantonly. The original trouble was all but settled when it intervened. It has evidently counted on finding the Government in electioneering mood.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in the House of Lords on Wednesday made the flesh creep. Germany in the air lives up to a six-Power standard. Her dirigibles will travel forty miles an hour, carry a ton of explosives and a gun that can hit the House of Commons or the House of Lords from over the Palace of Westminster. In comparison with this we can do nothing at all. Lord Lucas assured Lord Beaulieu in reply that the Navy and the War Office were quietly watching aerial developments and would be found equal to the occasion as soon as the air had shown any real disposition to be conquered. Lord Beaulieu did well to raise the matter. This is not the time to build lavishly, but the more experiments made the better. The dirigible will be on its trial in the next big war, and Great Britain is being left too far behind.

The Fairbanks expedition has reached the top of Mount McKinley and found not a trace of Cook. Not long ago the guide who went up the mountain with Cook gave him away because Cook underpaid him. But there was no more reason for believing Cook's guide than for believing Cook. This expedition puts Cook finally out of court. There is still one thing we should like to know. How did Cook fake his photographs? In the book which recorded his ascent there were some photographs which, if taken as genuine, proved his case. This is not a plea for Cook. He was quite equal to arranging the pictures; but it would be interesting to know how he did it.

The death of McTaggart has been quickly followed by that of the greatest of his fellow-students under Scott-Lauder, Sir W. Q. Orchardson. All such groups of students have their chief, and Orchardson was that to the young Scottish painters of his time, several of whom migrated, like him, to London. He had a technique of his own, based perhaps on Wilkie's: a pencil-drawing on the canvas, and light hatching drawing strokes of colour over it, in a general golden key, with delicate notes of detail. Nothing he painted was without an element of fineness, and two at least of his portraits will, as time winnows the production of the nineteenth century, be recognised as among its masterpieces. The Academy loses in him one of its few really distinguished members.

Here is a Scotch jury's conception of the prerogative of mercy!

"At Perth, Robert Ford Duff was found guilty of murdering his stepdaughter, Maggie Dougall, aged four. It was stated that the prisoner on various occasions at his house at Craigie, Perth, had beaten and kicked the child, and thrown her violently to the floor, and that subsequently in a field he struck her with his fists, knocked her down, kicked her, and threw her over the fence on to the road, this causing her death. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy" ("Times" report.)

## SURRENDER.

AT last Mr. Redmond has settled the terms of Mr. Asquith's surrender to the Irish party. Mr. Asquith is allowed to keep his Budget, which is not his and much of which he probably dislikes, on condition that he asks the King, and proclaims to the world that he is going to ask him, to make more than five hundred peers from off the street to vote for a Bill to disestablish the House of Lords in the event of the real Peers rejecting it, as of course they will—ignominiously. Mr. Asquith, doubtless on pressure from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, has abandoned his whole position on the demand of Mr. Redmond. He has shown himself weak, untrustworthy and willing to treat grave matters of immediate public need and great constitutional questions in the spirit of a huxter. He bargains away the British Constitution to a gang of professional politicians who have always insisted on their disregard for and total alienation from the British Empire. Mr. Asquith's insensibility to the impossible position in which he is placing the Crown, not to speak of his indelicate disregard of the personal side, completes his degradation as a Minister, which unfortunately can hardly stop at the man. These are indeed desperate counsels. Therein they agree with the Ministerial tone of the last few weeks, which has not been that of exultation. Only those who felt themselves weak would try such devices as these.

Piano has been the note with the Government of late. Mr. Churchill on Tuesday was as conciliatory as Mr. Lloyd George last week. He was even insinuating, pleading the hardship of the poor Liberals under present arrangements between Lords and Commons. Why, he was even good enough to say a word in praise of Mr. Balfour. What does all this condescension mean? We do not at all feel of Mr. Churchill, as of some men, that he is dangerous only when quiet or silent. At that rate Mr. Churchill would never be dangerous. But in his gentleness there is no suggestion of reserved force. Under restraint Mr. Churchill is distinctly inferior to himself let loose. No doubt he is less offensive; but he is less attractive. He was made for attack, and he attacks best when he attacks furiously. When he flings his fiery phrases and whirls his blade, getting in a dig or a slash whenever and wherever a chance serves, he is quite a figure to watch. But when he puts off the swordsman for the statesman, all the charm goes. We like his phrases, but we can do without his views. Other men on his side can do that business better than he. But, of course, Mr. Churchill knows what he is about. He knows that brilliancy can never hold the British public, especially the earnest part which we all know is exclusively Liberal. Brilliancy was a very good weapon with which to fight his way to the front of his own side; but now he is there, he must become sober. He must not be smiled upon now as the terrible boy, the coming young man. He must be taken seriously: so he must be dull. This personal calculation accounts for much of the new style—but there is something more behind his present attitude. It is the common attitude of the Ministry. The great object now seems to be to lull the country into acquiescence, therefore there must be no irritating words, no alarming pictures of tremendous change. It is nothing much that is being done; only a readjustment of a constitutional balance that had got a little out of truth. If the Lords and the Conservative party will only keep still, the veto will be extracted painlessly. They won't know they have lost it. But if they move they will be hurt. This is a great change from Mr. Churchill's proclamation that the Budget was a revolution, a revolution which the Lords are to be disestablished expressly to assist. Especially Ministers are nervous about single-chamber government. They evidently feel that the truth about their plan is getting hold of the country, and the country begins to see that their plan does mean single-chamber government, and does not like it. In spite of the avowed Labour preference for no second chamber, backed by the most earnest section of the Liberals, Ministers are now all full cry on the Two Chamber scent, and Mr. Churchill has discussed in



some detail—more detail than ever his Chief cared to give—the Government's ideas of what a second chamber should be. But they do not bring in a Bill, nor promise one, for making such a chamber. That would be to cut off the retreat of the single-chamber men, who can still point out when convenient with much truth that no Bill has been introduced nor probably ever will be. The Government have declined to say whether their "Veto" Bill is to apply to their own reformed second chamber or to remain in force only during the interval which Mr. Balfour inferred would be used to pass a Home Rule Bill. Do they suppose a purely elective and Liberal second chamber would stand being deprived of a final voice in any legislation? This chamber, according to Mr. Churchill, is to be a very fine and effective body. It would be impossible to put it permanently under such a disability. Then why do not Ministers speak of this "Veto" Bill as a temporary measure? It seems not unreasonable to infer that they themselves regard their new second chamber as very much in the air; a thing too insubstantial for any need to take practical thought about it at present. Nor is it conceivable that they really are anxious to have a strong second chamber; not at any rate Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George and their following. Mr. Churchill has only just given a further reason why he should desire a system which would leave all power in the House of Commons and so enable a passing electoral fit to be exploited to the uttermost. In his speech on Tuesday he laid down that the Conservative party is more permanently powerful than the Liberal because it has a larger number of permanent factors; and these are daily increasing. From this we say it must follow that, take the view of the electorate over a long period, it is likely to be on the whole Conservative, at any rate fatal to extreme Radical proposals. A single-chamber system would enforce the momentary view of a single election, not the average view of a longer period.

We may safely treat this present devotion to an effective second chamber as merely symptomatic of a chastened frame of mind. The Government are in a tight place; they are still not quite sure of their Budget; they see there is no national indignation, moral or physical, against the Lords; and they feel that an uncomfortable sense of the danger of their proposals is growing on the electorate. No wonder Mr. Churchill caught gladly at Mr. Balfour's acceptance of Mr. Birrell's view that the resolutions would give the Lords powers in some respects greater than those they now enjoy. He was able lightly to twist this not very carefully expressed opinion into an admission by Mr. Balfour that the Lords would gain by the resolutions. By the way, what a sign is this of the chastened Ministerial mood, that they should think it to their interest to show that the Lords gained rather than lost under their plan! Where are the thunderbolts of January now? Mr. Balfour of course did not say that the House of Lords would gain in strength, but, as he explained more fully to the United Club the next day, that they would have greater opportunities of creating friction between the two Houses and would be more likely to use them. That is human nature. They would not agree with the Commons from fear, for the worst would have been done to them; nor from favour, for the Commons would have forfeited all claim on forbearance. This would last while the injury galled; but in time the peers would cease to take any part. No self-respecting man would care to be impotently busy. Single-chamber government would then be apparent.

It is a pity this question, which is rapidly becoming eternal and a bore, cannot be discussed with a little more transparent sincerity. If only the real issue instead of every other could be stated, it would save time and many millions of words. The truth of the whole business is this, and this only: in the matter of the House of Lords Conservatives find themselves on the right side of the hedge, Liberals on the wrong. All discussion of the Lords' merits, constitutional or personal, is in fact beside the mark. If Conservatives were in a hopeless minority in the Lords, we do not pretend they would regard the present arrangement as ideal,

or be content to leave things just as they were. If Liberals had an overwhelming majority of Lords, they would never mention either "veto" or reform. Their democracy would be only too pleased to swallow so convenient an anomaly. Therefore no reform could relieve the situation that does not bring about equality of parties in the Lords. Can it be expected that Liberals will acquiesce in their misfortune or Conservatives throw away their good fortune? Here is the real deadlock and the only deadlock, which the country alone can undo. But the country has never shown any desire to undo it; which makes sick the Liberal heart; naturally. Still, it is for Liberals to show cause. There is no duty on Conservatives to move in the matter; and they only weaken their position by moving. If they wanted to get credit with the country for spontaneously reforming a chamber not hostile to them, they should have set about it when a Conservative Government was in power. They cannot be surprised now if the country puts their zeal down to discretion. The move is ill-timed. Mr. Balfour spoke to the United Club of an elected element in the House of Lords. Is this element to be as numerous as the hereditary peers? If not, how does it affect the hereditary character of the House? If heredity is the bugbear, a small minority of elected peers will do nothing to bring the House into direct relation with "the democracy"; we do not admit it is not in direct relation now. And how will this elected element modify the disparity of parties? How does it touch the real situation? Lord Rosebery's resolutions are irrelevant; no matter how good independently. Nor do the Liberals propose to redress the balance in the Lords. They redress it by ruling out the Lords altogether, a tall order they will find it difficult to get the country to carry out. The only argument for it is that they cannot get rid of the Tory majority any other way—which seems rather a party point of view.

#### THE CASE OF SIR ELDON GORST.

SOME months ago we called attention to the grave condition of Egypt. Since last July the evils have grown worse and others have matured which were then only in the bud. If this state of things, evident to any intelligent observer, continues and grows, our hold on the country may be so shaken as to make its retention doubtful. When the crisis develops, as it may in a startling manner, we shall have only our own negligence to thank. It has been said Englishmen can only think of one thing at a time. Some of us are thinking of the House of Lords and others of Tariff Reform. But no one is thinking of Egypt. Foreign Secretaries, however, are not supposed to be ordinary men, and Sir Edward Grey might turn his eyes towards the Nile if he has any time to spare in the rare intervals between meetings of the Cabinet. He is the guardian of our honour and reputation abroad, and both are being seriously compromised by the Consul-General at Cairo.

It is highly undesirable, as a rule, that the action of British representatives abroad should be discussed in public prints—it only renders their difficult situation more difficult. But occasionally the position is such that, when the authorities at home remain obstinately inactive, it is a public duty to call attention to blunders in policy which otherwise might run into disaster.

In July last we pointed out the disastrous experiments which Sir Eldon Gorst was making in the conduct of the Courts and the Egyptian police. His wholesale substitution of native for British officials and the withdrawal of proper European supervision of the police had led to a denial of justice to the poorer natives and the immunity of the criminal. The undermining of British influence has gone on rapidly, and Sir Eldon has already seriously impaired the respect for the impartiality of our régime. We also spoke of the monstrous proposals for the wholesale deportation of natives hostile to the Khedive and the Pacha class. Those proposals have since that time been sanctioned by Sir Edward Grey and by the late House of Commons. We suppose because so-called "Young Egypt" was not vocal on the matter. The friend of the native in the

House apparently cares nothing for the peasant and his woes, his sympathy is confined to the vociferous agitator. Tyranny may flourish unchecked so long as it is exercised on behalf of the Khedive and his friends.

Now it is possible for some rulers to promote bad measures while retaining the respect of subordinates and of outsiders, native and European. They can withdraw from an untenable position without loss of dignity. But the essence of success for a governor of Oriental peoples is that he should maintain by his conduct the prestige of his race. To jeopardise this is to abandon his last claim to consideration. Yet this is what Sir Eldon Gorst has done. Lord Cromer held his great position in the eyes of natives and Europeans by singular dignity of bearing and restraint of language. He owed his success more to this even than to his measures, and observed the excellent maxim of Sallust "in maxima fortuna minima licentia est".

The personal policy of his successor is to sacrifice, both by his conduct and his conversation, everything Lord Cromer had gained. Unfortunately, thereby he lowers not only the status of his own great office but the position of every Briton in native eyes, and, indeed, in the eyes of other foreign residents. A few instances of this outrageous behaviour have been thrust before the eyes of the public of late in only too conspicuous a manner.

When the Duke of Connaught reached Cairo Sir Eldon Gorst received him in a travelling cap and a rough motoring dress. It is true this costume was appropriate to the vehicle which conveyed him to the station, for he came on a motor bicycle. Could anything be more discourteous, on the one side, to the brother of the Sovereign, or more foolish on the other, if we consider the necessity of maintaining some dignity in the eyes of a race which sets so much store on appearances? But this is only one example, a glaring one, of a course of conduct consistently opposed to the usual observances of decent society. It is neither good form nor good policy to attend race meetings in putties and travelling cap, to refrain consistently from attending religious worship, and openly to profess atheism and speak contemptuously of the religion of one's own countrymen. Mere common-sense and decent feeling inculcate outward respect for the creed of your country when abroad, even in an official occupying a humble position. Perhaps the flat profession of anti-militarist sentiments openly made by the representative of Great Britain may be doing more harm still. The climax of indecency and impropriety, even in Sir Eldon Gorst, was surely reached shortly after the report of a certain speech by Mr. Lloyd George was published. Sir Eldon gave a banquet at which most of the notables of Cairo were present, and the German Consul was the guest of honour. The host remarked to that gentleman, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all, that he admired Mr. Lloyd George's speech, and that the British were not a fighting nation and must soon lose the command of the sea, and that all our colonies and Oriental possessions would become independent. The German probably took all this nonsense at its true value; but what must have been its effect on the natives present! To do the Chancellor of the Exchequer justice, he has never in his wildest moments in wild Wales said anything half so outrageous.

But these matters are questions of deportment and taste, highly important, but not the most important matters of all. The evil policy we indicated last year has grown in a startling manner, and the Consul-General now appears to be completely in the hands of the Khedive, a half-Europeanised native with an unfortunate disposition towards tyranny and rapacity which requires checking and not encouragement. A most glaring instance of the tendency of the new régime to sacrifice the poor to the Khedive and his friends is now matter of common knowledge in Cairo. The Khedive is buying up land in the West of Egypt and building a railway, probably to develop his property. This railway is designed to pass through a large oasis, half of which was inhabited by Bedouins, though without an owner, the other half was cultivated and held by a Sheikh, whose family had

held it for centuries. The Khedive forcibly took the unoccupied half, and the coastguards were ordered to collect taxes from the Bedouins. These coastguards are all natives save the captain. By law and treaty they are forbidden to act in any other than their ostensible capacity. Sir Eldon Gorst overruled this and the captain had to obey. When in the oasis he soon found his men were starting continual disputes with the Sheikh's men in the occupied half. One night there was firing, and a coastguard was killed. (This, it is rumoured, was arranged.) The unfortunate Sheikh was haled to Cairo and, after a mock trial, hanged. His two sons were thrown into prison and only released after they had made over all their property to the Khedive! With this iniquitous travesty of justice the Agent-General refused to interfere. We wonder what would have happened under Lord Cromer! He would almost certainly have rescued this modern Naboth from his fate. We feel sure he would not have acted as the complacent friend of Ahab.

Perhaps the gravest matter of all is the fact that the police, even when willing, are not encouraged to do their duty. Boutros Pacha, who served Egypt so well, is not yet avenged. The assassin has not yet been tried though the murder is two months old, and the Consul-General is doing nothing to get him brought to justice. At all events the delay is not due to a desire to secure other conspirators, for eight other scoundrels, who were arrested at the same time and were deep in murder plots, have been released. Instead of every effort being made to get at the truth, the Chief of Police was prevented from raiding the National Club till forty-eight hours after the murder. Thus ample time was given for accomplices to destroy all written evidence of complicity if any existed.

These are a few instances of the way in which Egypt is now being administered, and of the public bearing of his Majesty's representative. Such conduct cannot be agreeable to Imperialists or their opponents, who profess to be specially concerned for the native races. Unfortunately the majority of the natives who suffer have no vociferous advocates and therefore attract no attention. The Khedive and the Nationalist party, who are now having it all their own way, are only too well pleased with Sir Eldon Gorst. But Imperialists on both sides who profess to care for the honour of the British name have a double cause for indignation, for both patriotism and humanity are outraged. We have no party interest in bringing these things to light. True, Sir Eldon Gorst was appointed by a Liberal Government, but he comes from a Conservative stock, and has always called himself a Conservative. Whatever his past or his party, he must be recalled.

#### STILL SOMALILAND.

"WE are so busy dismembering the Constitution of our country that we have no time to notice the disruption of a not insignificant corner of the Empire." Thus Lord Curzon viewing the scuttle from Somaliland, a matter in which "the policy is decided on, the orders for evacuation are issued, the flag is hauled down, and all evidences of British occupation over nearly seventy thousand square miles obliterated before a single member of either House of Parliament is aware of the fact". Lord Curzon spoke in the Lords debate, and has addressed further and weighty words to the "Times". And that sense of the ignominy and short-sightedness of the Government's policy in Somaliland which we expressed a fortnight since is—against all expectation—deepened by the debate and by the correspondence in which Lord Curzon, with others of authority, has taken part. The full gravity of the Government's decision is now placed beyond any question, and the specific responsibility of the present Ministers laid at their door.

"The problems", says Lord Crewe, "are of a purely military character." If they are, we may retort, as has been rejoined already, that the solution found—and the consequences—are political. But is the difficulty a soldiers' difficulty? Then what precisely are the views of the Sirdar and of Sir Rudolph Slatin, with which



Lord Crewe in the Lords dealt so briefly and so nebulously? It is strange that the advice given by these most pertinent authorities should not—those things being concealed which ought to be concealed—have been printed for all men to read. A Government which did not hesitate to try and shift responsibility and the consequences of their decision on to General Manning's shoulders was not likely to keep Sir Reginald Wingate and a distinguished colleague out of the witness-box if their evidence was, for all or anything, on the side of the defendants. Another witness of skill has appeared in court, and that is the military correspondent of the "Times", whose anonymity in no wise diminishes the weight which soldiers attach to his opinions. This witness scouts in effect the impossibility of the military problem, and is ready straight off with a solution. "To take things quietly at first and not launch an expedition till it was thoroughly prepared; to hem the Mullah in gradually by occupying the wells all round him at Galkaze, Kohir, Badweir, Damot, Bohottle, El Afweina and Lashkorai; to prepare, with Italian approval, a base at Obbia, to supply the southern group of the above-named wells; to land six months' supplies at Obbia, because the place cannot be used from May to October owing to the monsoon; to organise a striking force fifteen hundred strong, with twelve Maxims, five hundred on Somali ponies and the rest on camels; to bring up supplies to the Ain Valley and then to push on with the mounted force of two infantry columns escorting supplies; to maintain connexion between columns, post, and the coast operation by wireless; and, finally, to combine with these operations the action of friendlies under British officers, who would move wide and confuse the enemy". All this may or may not be the ideal plan of campaign as it might be planned by the appropriate authorities; but as the outline given by a military expert of rare distinction, whose retirement from the service was confessedly the Army's serious loss, and as such accepted by some of the ablest men now on the active list, a layman will cheerfully accept it as proving what its author rightly seeks to prove—that the abandonment of Somaliland cannot be put down to military inability to carry out the duty of government. The military problem was difficult; it was nothing like insuperable. The Government's policy is "due to the inability of the Government to govern, and to nothing else." So says a soldier who speaks for the best men in his profession.

The alternative to his plan or another in that kind is abandonment, and abandonment grows baser the more and more closely we regard it. As matter of fact and history our undertaking was plain, and none the less for the apologetics of an anonymous protagonist or so who (faintly) champions the Government cause in the "Times". We went to Somaliland in the first place, of course, because we had to, and Mr. Gladstone did wisely in taking us there. In Lord Lansdowne's words, "a great débâcle was going on in Egypt. There was great activity on the part of several Powers which were engaged in staking out claims for themselves in different parts of the world, and we properly came to the conclusion that we could not afford to allow any foreign Power to possess the seaboard opposite the great imperial stronghold of Aden". It was true that our interests lay mainly on the seaboard. But it could easily be imagined how difficult it became to restrict our activity absolutely to the seaboard itself; and "it was the same Government that assumed the protectorate which thought it their duty to enter into these treaties with some of the loyal tribes". Not even the best country-attorney spirit of evasion can explain away these treaties. One pro-Government—or perhaps more accurately described as anti-Lord Curzon—correspondent of the "Times" makes a gallant attempt to do so, and quotes Major F. M. Hunter as reporting on 29 January 1886 that the Somali "understand that we are to control all foreign relations, that we have nothing to do with inter-tribal feuds . . . that we will use means to restore and maintain order on the coasts wherever we consider it desirable". "This limita-

tion" the critic states that the Government of Bombay—as predecessor to the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office—observed. They punished tribes which interfered with the "accepted task of protection". But we absolutely refused to maintain local peace outside the ten-mile radius or to preserve the tribes from raids or to interfere with inter-tribal quarrels. But even on the writer's own showing the case was modified. "No doubt", he admits, "when Somaliland was transferred to the Foreign Office a more generous view was taken of what we might do." Precisely; and, to complete this critic's discomfiture, the actual text of the principal treaty states that "the British Government is desirous of maintaining and strengthening relations of peace and friendship with the tribes, and in compliance with their wish undertakes to extend the jurisdiction, the gracious favour and protection of her Majesty the Queen-Empress". Not idle words, said Lord Lansdowne, who quoted them in the debate, and surely wholly inconsistent with the theory that we had no liabilities in those days extending beyond the coast.

And yet all this is beside the mark. Whatever the actual wording and spirit of our treaties, the fact remains that we accepted a more generous view of our duties towards the Somali, and that that view once accepted may not lightly be relinquished. There is, too, the formidable—not to say tremendous—fact of the Mullah. There, if you like, was "a subsequent engagement". The Mullah when he came changed everything; it was our mere duty to do more than we had done before. And—Well, what are we doing, or rather have done, now? Supposing the Government's decision unrevised and unamended, then six officers are withdrawn from Burao, Odweina, Ber, Hargeisa, Sheikh, who were, in Lord Curzon's words, "not the symbol of an enforced military occupation but the welcome centres of a civilising and pacifying influence". While they were there, raids on tribes under our protection were not, settlements have grown up, trade has developed, peace prevailed. These officers being recalled and the local troops disbanded, we have settlements broken up and already the transfrontier tribes sweeping over the border and raiding in the old sweet way. That is the policy we have undertaken against the approval of every authority officially consulted and against the entreaty of the natives themselves, at the very time when the Mullah seemed happily to be going under. We have revived the Mullah or paved the way for his successor, and whatever be the effect in India and Egypt the probable consequences in Somaliland to our unhappy "friendlies" and ourselves are not pleasing. We surrender a country capable in peace of producing cattle, sheep, camels, ponies, ostriches in millions, and, as Mr. Alfred Pease, who knows it, tells us, capable under a decent system of irrigation of realising all that irrigation has done or is doing for Algeria; and we prepare for ourselves a Nemesis and a bill in blood and money which one day we must foot. Do we remember the lesson of Mahdism that arming thousands of Somalis—the Mullah—with magazine rifles we court another Jihad to which the Soudanese variety was nothing? Lord Curzon "wonders whether a democracy, serious and well-intentioned but necessarily ignorant and wholly uninformed, is capable of maintaining an Empire such as ours". We do not "wonder".

#### THE TROUBLES OF PERU.

**L**ATIN America has one difficulty which is always with her—the difficulty of knowing where one State ends and another begins. Most of the Latin American frontiers have been delimited after the old papal fashion with map and ruler. Boundaries have leaped from mountain to cataract over vast tracts of untrodden wilderness, or have followed lines of latitude and longitude as yet unprospected and unsurveyed. It had been decided by 1824—the year when Latin America had finally thrown over its motherland—that the raw republics should follow the bounds of the old



Spanish colonies. In fact the question of frontiers was shelved; for no one knew what the bounds of the old Spanish colonies really were. They were all of a family, and their frontiers were in parts inaccessible. It had not mattered much where the frontier ran. It was simply a question of shading the map this way or that. Gradually this has been changed. Now that Chile and Peru and Ecuador are separate entities it matters very much where one begins and another leaves off. Now that tracts formerly unexplored are found to be rich in timber, rubber, or nitrates, it matters even more. It follows that frontier difficulties have been continuous almost from the beginning of Latin American separation; and the tale is not yet complete.

Peru has had her troubles all along. Many will yet remember the war of 1879 when, in alliance with Bolivia, Peru fought Chile by land and sea. By sea the fight was memorable. It was a first encounter between ironclads, and the story of the Peruvian turret-ship "Huascar" and how she put up a gallant and hopeless fight against two of the enemy is a story to remember. The allies were completely beaten in the end, and Lima was occupied. Then came the treaty by which Tacna and Arica, the frontier provinces between Chile and Peru, were ceded in occupation to Chile for ten years. This was the beginning of the Tacna-Arica question—one of the important factors in the position of Peru to-day. At the end of the ten years for which she was to retain the provinces, Chile was bound under the treaty to hold a plébiscite of their inhabitants. The people were to be allowed to say to which country they wished definitely to belong. The plébiscite has not yet been taken. Chile has no intention of letting go her hold upon Tacna and Arica. For one thing the provinces are rich in nitrates—still a great source of wealth in spite of artificial manures. Moreover, Tacna and Arica are the Alsace and Lorraine of Latin America. The question is now a national one. Peru is as unwilling to recognise Chile's occupation of Tacna and Arica as France is to recognise the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine; and Chile will be no more ready to give up what she holds than will Germany. Chile has wilfully delayed the plébiscite. The work of education in those parts is not yet complete, and the time not yet ripe to turn occupation into sovereignty. Meanwhile she has taken care that the education of the provinces shall be in the Chilean way. The Peruvian priests have had to go. The Government dug out some ancient legislation that would not admit of their staying. They were turned away not because Chile has any particular quarrel with the Church, but because those to whom the people listen must preach Chile and not Peru. Chile means to hold fast, and has already, by delaying the people's vote and exercising sovereign rights in virtue of mere occupation, practically broken the treaty that let her in. Her excuse is that in Latin America treaties are interpreted very much according to the relative strength of the parties. If Peru were as strong as Chile, the interpretation would have been the other way. As it happens Chile is strong enough to be the party morally in the wrong.

Some of this history is a little out of date and would not be worth recalling but for its direct bearing on the telegrams which have reached us during the last fortnight as to Peru's other frontier difficulty with Ecuador. The trouble here harks back to 1830, and it is already three years ago that King Alfonso was asked to arbitrate in the matter. King Alfonso's report is expected soon, and certain Latin American papers have predicted an award in favour of Peru. At any rate the people of Ecuador have suddenly lost patience and have insulted the Peruvian Legation at Quito. Peru has asked for satisfaction and has mobilised her troops. The mobs are out on both sides and there are rumours of war. Possibly it is all the work of a few hot-heads. The traditional way of settling the perennial frontier question in Latin America is by arbitration. Only a little while ago King Edward drew the line between Argentine and Chile. Where King Edward succeeded it is not likely that King Alfonso—the king of all others who ought to have weight in settling a question at issue

between two colonies formerly of Spain—will fail. Peru and Ecuador will probably abide by his decision. They have debated the question for eighty years without war, and it is not likely that they will fight now that an equitable end is in view.

But the position is interesting and even exciting, because of the way in which the Tacna-Arica question crosses it. The diplomacy of Chile is never quiet; and, should anything go wrong between Peru and Ecuador, Chile will let slip no chance to improve her position. Chile is officially the friend of Ecuador, and might even be expected to assist her. But what if Chile seized the occasion for a deal? Suppose that Chile said to Peru: We will help to settle your difficulty with Ecuador provided that you acknowledge the fait accompli in Tacna and Arica. Would Peru be willing to pocket sentiment for a real advantage? The dispute with Ecuador touches a tract of country in the upper waters of the Amazon rich in rubber and timber. It would make a splendid compensation to Peru for the loss of her Southern provinces. A Peruvian Cabinet would probably jump at the deal. What the Peruvian people say is another matter. Peruvian sentiment is fiercely opposed to allowing Chile to raise her occupation of Tacna and Arica into sovereignty. Even so, the nation might not refuse this chance of peace with honour—honour saved by the doctrine of compensation.

On the whole Peru and Ecuador will do well to wait for King Alfonso and to abide by what he says. If there be trouble, Chile is the one to benefit in the end. What the United States may do it is impossible to say. They are always closely on the watch, and would intervene with little ceremony if they saw room for a trade opening or a coaling station. But, putting the United States on one side, the future among the Spanish States of Latin America seems to be with Chile. Chile has the best army, and she knows her own mind best. She is the one State with a temperate climate, and her people have grown in accord. They are hardier, more active, and more consistent in their aims than any of their neighbours. Chile is the Prussia of Latin America. If it is to her advantage she will break her official friendship with Ecuador as cheerfully as she has broken her treaty with Peru. The best augury for peace at the present moment is the tradition that has obtained upon this continent that frontier questions are best settled by arbitration. Peru and Ecuador will think twice before setting this tradition aside. At best the troubles of Peru, with Chile as her neighbour, are not yet at an end.

#### THE PROBLEM OF PAUPERISM.

IT is pretty evident from Mr. Balfour's speech in the House on the Poor Law that he expects its reform to be left for the Conservative party. This makes the speech as important as it was interesting.

Nothing can be more futile than to undertake such a task without a clear perception of the object to be achieved; and nothing is more common than a complete misconception of the object of the Poor Law. That it, in fact, enables the pauper to exist is true. That its purpose should be anything of the kind is absurd. The ultimate end is not the perpetuation but the prevention of pauperism. It is so easy to pour out streams of pity on the unfortunate poor, to lament the inadequacy of private charity, and to vote another penny on the rate. After all there are other people to consider besides the pauper, and the pauper's lot is not the hardest in the realm of destitution. The first duty of Parliament is to the nation, and pauperism is a foul malady in the nation, not only draining its vitality but sapping its productive power. The evil is that the pauper exists, and that the process of his manufacture—by ill-directed education, by temporary employment, and by casual child-labour—goes merrily on. It is no question of spending a few more millions that the poor may live in comfort, and that of taking counsel for the prosperity of the nation. Mr. Balfour well said "I do not believe that anything would be too much if we were quite certain that the scheme was going to succeed".

Every true economist will agree. It is of vital importance to arrest the manufacture of the infirm, the wastrels, and the unemployable, from whatever cause. The man who has spent many months in earnest search of employment becomes reconciled to the process of searching, with its alleviations by private charity and public relief. The woman whose fear of "the union" has deterred her from seeking medical relief until too late becomes the mother of degenerates and a plague-spot in the national life. The child allured by high pay into unskilled employment at leaving school finds himself at seventeen without work, or skill, or any public assistance to make him a national asset instead of a burden on the State for life. The reform of these things is not a matter of sentiment, and sentimentality is of little help. The problem can be put as one of economics pure and simple.

One passage in Mr. Balfour's speech enunciates the principle on which any sound scheme of reform must be built up, and from that declaration there can be and there will be no going back:

"It is a most intolerable thing that we should permit the permanent deterioration of those who are fit for real good work. Putting aside all considerations of morals, all those considerations which move us as men of feeling, as flesh and blood, and looking at it with the hardest heart and the most calculating eye, is it not very poor economy to scrap good machinery? Therefore again I say do not let us state too dogmatically that we mean to wait until destitution has actually reached a stage when the Poor Law machinery must come into full play before we intend to deal with it."

We are not concerned to lay it down that any scheme of reform must follow the recommendation of either Report of the Poor Law Commission. Legislation is not the work of a Royal Commission, and neither Report is binding upon Parliament. As was said both by Mr. Asquith and by Mr. Balfour, there is a great deal of common ground between the two. Nothing is more likely to postpone any settlement of the problem than a factious controversy between labelled supporters of the Majority or the Minority Report. Mr. Burns apparently would welcome such a schism. "The Minority Report", he said, "sought to do that which was diametrically opposed to what the majority of the Commission desired." The statement is hardly true, but Mr. Burns is the present administrator of the Poor Law, and would gladly set its critics by the ears. Mr. Burns poured scorn on the phrase "to break up the Poor Law"; but even that might be a less evil than, as Mr. Balfour put it, "to break up the family by the application of the Poor Law".

Mr. Balfour sees that the future of the Boards of Guardians hangs in the balance. On the one hand some useful work has been done by these bodies. On the other hand circumstances have changed greatly since their constitution. The candidate who would stand for the Board of Guardians when it offered him the only opportunity of public service short of a seat in Parliament is not always willing to come forward when much of the power and prestige of the Guardians has been shorn away. The voter who has already voted at parliamentary, county, and borough council elections, within the space of twelve months, prefers his arm-chair to the Guardians' polling booth, and his newspaper to their election addresses. We are inclined to think that these Boards of Guardians have served their time.

To one vital aspect of the question no reference was made in the debate of last week. When all is said, the prime cause of pauperism is unemployment. One part of the cure is to prevent deterioration of the workman; to keep him fit and willing to work. The complement is to provide work for the man who is ready to do it. That is an aspect of the question too often overlooked by would-be social reformers. The academic recognition of a "right to work" strenuously, and we should say rightly, pressed by the Labour Party is of little service when there is no work to do. Of all steps the most urgent is that which will secure increased productive activity for the workshops of this country. The

wreckage of labour under the existing Poor Law has no doubt been a factor in hampering production; but the closing of factories and shutting-down of mills is a cause of pauperism with which no Poor Law can contend. If Conservative policy is to follow the lines laid down by Mr. Balfour and stop the supply of paupers by preventing the manufacture of the unemployable, then the first step in any scheme of Poor Law reform must be the protection of industry.

#### THE CITY.

WE have become so much accustomed to the rubber boom that it is losing its interest. Hence a boom in oil shares is now practicable. An effort was made in this direction some weeks ago, but the public were not inclined to wax enthusiastic over the prospects, and thus little progress was made. The last few days, however, have brought about a change in public sentiment, probably because money has been made so easily in the rubber share market that there is a more venturesome spirit abroad. Quite a number of new companies have been launched, and with a success that must have surprised their promoters. At the best these companies are mere speculations, and, as we pointed out some weeks ago, the history of oil promotions is not encouraging. They are usually over-capitalised, for the reason that it is impossible to say what quantity of oil is contained in a property, and promoters are never too modest in fixing the purchase price. Some substantial people, however, are interesting themselves in the exploitation of oil, and thus a certain amount of prestige is given to the boom, which will probably continue for some little time.

The Kaffir and Rhodesian markets are quite dead. All the possibilities of the producing companies are known, and the developments of other properties are ignored. Try as they will the "shops" cannot get the public back to the market. This is partly the fault of not giving the public a run for its money when in, and partly the result of the rubber boom. The speculator wants nothing better to play with than a rubber share. He knows he is not at the mercy of a "big house" that can regulate supply and demand at will. There are no "shops" in the rubber share market as they are understood in the Kaffir Circus. Prices rise or fall according to the requirements of the public. Jobbers will not commit themselves to taking in large blocks of shares, and consequently must themselves bid for stock in the market when buying orders come in. Probably no other market has been built up on similar lines. In the distant future, when the craze is over and the absurdity of buying shares at figures several times their value is recognised, and holders begin to sell, it may be found possible to get a few jobbers to open "shops" for their reception. But we doubt whether at any time large supplies will be held, and in that case there will always be difficulty in selling.

Home railway stocks are still moving up and without any ostentation. Last week's traffic returns look bad after the big increases shown in previous weeks, but it has to be remembered that the comparison is disturbed by the holidays. When the figures are adjusted there is no cause of complaint. The aggregate gain in gross receipts of fifty-three companies for fourteen weeks to date is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling. At this rate the current half-year will end up with a gross increase of over one and a quarter million. It is useless to speculate how much of this will be net revenue, owing to the concessions made to employees in regard to wages and to the additional cost of coal, but a large portion should remain for extra dividend, and only a trifling sum will be absorbed in extra capital charges. We deemed it prudent a fortnight ago to refer to the possibility of the market being damaged by a rise in the Bank Rate to 5 per cent. Happily, there is now no immediate chance of such a movement, as the Bank is replenishing its stock of gold by large receipts from the United States, and is now in a fairly comfortable



position. This danger removed, the market should continue to gain in strength and popularity.

All the indications point to an active market in American securities. Wall Street must place a large amount of bond issues in Europe during the next few months, and in order to do so successfully it will be necessary to give an appearance of great strength to the share market. It will probably be impossible to frustrate the efforts of these astute financiers, but it will be foolish to allow them to borrow too cheaply.

The shares of Pandan (Johore) Rubber Estates have just been introduced to the market. The company has a good board and should become a big producer if the estimates are borne out. The Essequibo Rubber and Tobacco Estates Limited, with a capital of £100,000, is among the speculative enterprises, but there are two practical men on the board, and Sir Henry Seton-Karr's name is a non-expert guarantee. The statements of the prospectus would be more convincing if we were in ignorance of the special methods employed to induce the public to come in. Letters on the breakfast-table urging one to subscribe at once in view of a certain big premium are hardly necessary with sound propositions. The Central Java Rubber Plantations Limited has a board of five "rubber" men; its capital is £125,000, in 1,250,000 2s. shares, of which 1,000,000 are to be issued. The profits for 1910 are estimated at 11½ per cent. on the issued capital, based on the sale of the first tappings of rubber at 5s. per lb.—a very "conservative estimate".

#### "LA MAISON ROUGE."

"LA MAISON ROUGE" dominates the boulevard; a great red-painted, tawdry building, looking like an immense doll's house by day, painfully brilliant with long rows of glaring arc lamps by night. Its big swing doors are never still. People wearing an air of great importance, or perhaps an air of concern—for it means something to have dealings with those who sit in "La Maison Rouge"—hurry in and out all day long. Inside there is always the feeling that great affairs are afoot; that councils mysterious and potent are being held in the forbidden regions beyond the entrance hall. The stranger who enters must state his name and the purpose of his visit on a little slip of paper, and all the slips of paper are kept and carefully indexed for possible reference later on. Outside on the broad footpath a crowd, constantly changing from the stream of passers-by on the boulevard, stares through the windows at enlarged photographs of startling events of the day: M. Duez leaving prison for his daily examination; a corpse on a bed, as left there by the assassin; the assassin, or another one, smiling as he poses between two policemen. Through the plate glass of the basement windows may be seen huge printing presses, with rolls of paper ready. At an early hour of the morning, when the crowds have at last left the windows and the arc lamps go out suddenly, mechanicians swarm over the printing presses, which commence to go round with a loud hum. "La Maison Rouge", in fact, is the headquarters of "La Lumière", most powerful, most unscrupulous and most wonderful of all Paris newspapers.

"'La Lumière' knows everything; 'La Lumière' says everything!" is the proud boast of "La Maison Rouge". Paris winks. It is true that "La Lumière" throws its searching light into many a dark corner—corners often that were better left unexplored—and, above all, loses no chance of knowing all about the secret history of outwardly respectable and distinguished citizens: a slip in the early youth of a Cabinet Minister, or the little manœuvre that, had it failed, might have sent a company promoter to prison. Therefore, no doubt, "'La Lumière' sait tout". But, as to saying all the things it knows—that is another matter. "Ça dépend" says Paris, which cherishes no illusions about "La Lumière", and one may hear a mysterious word uttered, "chantage", which, bluntly translated, becomes "blackmail". Therein, then, lies the secret of "La Maison Rouge"—the source of its widespread

power, the mainspring which keeps that great and costly machine going. At once many things are made clear, many mysteries explained away. The obviously enormous expenses, for instance, and yet the striking lack of advertisements: a contradiction at first difficult to reconcile, as every healthy newspaper must have advertisements. But it is Paris, and not an ordinary city; it is "La Lumière", and not an ordinary newspaper; and, finally, "c'est le chantage", and not advertisements, which makes the wheels go round. The inquiring stranger who might have hoped that philanthropy was a motive power must be disillusioned. Nothing is given away at "La Maison Rouge", unless it be reputations.

The visible part played by "La Maison Rouge" in the varied and picturesque life of Paris is a big one, and to the Parisian, who loves distraction, a welcome one. Something is always happening there; its staring redness by day and its dazzling rows of arc lamps by night are ever signals to the Parisian to come and be amused, interested, entertained. Carnival Queens halt in their triumphant procession along the Grands Boulevards, and, descending from their lofty chariots, enter "La Maison Rouge" to take a "coupe de champagne", to the accompaniment of pretty speeches from the accomplished "rédacteurs" of the establishment. National heroes, who have won glory for France on aeroplane or motor car, make the inevitable pilgrimage, and amid loud acclamation partake of a "punch d'honneur". Boxers before they fight are weighed there, and halting speeches are made, tinged with the accent of the East End or New York. Always there is an eddy of interest in front of the wide swing doors, and a crowd outside anxious to take part in the celebrations within. But these things are all on the surface; this is the smiling, innocent face that "La Maison Rouge" turns to Paris, and Paris, being amused and interested, and wanting no more, shuts its eyes to all that it knows quite well is going on under the surface. It is there, however, that "La Maison Rouge" shows itself in its true colours: hard, implacable and grim, though always polite; the iron hand in the velvet glove. While the Carnival Queens are being fêted downstairs or the national heroes are making speeches, serious things are taking place upstairs in the "torture chamber". Monsieur the Senator So-and-so is there, sitting uneasily on a chair in an inner room, and beginning to comprehend what is required of him as a suave director of "La Lumière" puts the matter to him. He has been asked to call at "La Maison Rouge". His dossier has been sent for and brought by a secretary; dossier No. 948 of M. le Sénateur So-and-so: a faithful record of his past life, with somewhere a spot or blemish in it which would not be helpful to a public man if published. But the matter is not presented quite in that crude way. It is wrapped up and put forward in more attractive guise; more as the request for a favour. The dossier lies there on the table, however, and the Senator understands that "La Maison Rouge" has an industrial scheme on foot which needs political influence. Or a rival must be kept out of the field, and no doubt M. le Sénateur can manage it; or certain schemes might be placed in the way of "La Maison Rouge", which could exploit them as nobody else could. M. le Sénateur understands; M. le Sénateur usually complies; there is great cordiality on either side as he leaves the "torture chamber", with the affair all arranged, and mixes in the "punch d'honneur" down below. And once outside on the boulevard he may shake his fist impotently. "Sacré Maison Rouge!"

Sometimes it is even bigger game; even Ministers, it is said, have been known to pass through the ordeal of the "torture chamber". And it will be seen that, after all, "chantage" is rather an indelicate word to use. Money is not talked of. Perhaps a million—in francs—might be offered to "La Maison Rouge" in return for silence on some delicate political chapter, or the promise of warm support during some difficult crisis which "La Maison Rouge" could make more difficult; but it would doubtless be refused—and concessions



worth three or four times as much demanded instead. How else may be explained the amazing financial negotiations revealed during the recent liquidation scandals—a great industry created by the monks of a certain congregation and valued not many years ago at nearly £2,000,000 delivered over to “La Maison Rouge”, lock, stock and barrel, for next to nothing, or nothing at all? It is unfair to call this “chantage”; such things are on too gorgeous a scale. “Subsidies”, perhaps, is a better way of putting it. So that “La Maison Rouge” flourishes in spite of the jealous barking of its contemporaries, which with a few notable exceptions exist by their wits also. It is merely the jealousy of less powerful rivals, and as such calmly ignored by “La Maison Rouge”. Their methods are different, lacking the quality of greatness, and that is all. In them one may read of the amorous or the scandalous adventure of Monsieur X. The next day Monsieur X. is called upon, and if he does not want to see the adventure skillfully amplified, and this time graced by the presence of his name, Monsieur X. pays. Such methods cannot be compared with the high operations of the “torture chamber”. At “La Maison Rouge” the adventure of Monsieur X. would be merely added to his dossier, or be the beginning of a new one, and if Monsieur X. ever attained eminence enough to be of use in some contingency he would be politely requested to call, and forthwith realise the penalties of greatness.

So does “La Maison Rouge” increase in strength, gather new forces unto itself, stretch out its invisible feelers here, there and everywhere, and hold a thousand reputations in pawn, carefully inscribed in dossiers; a valuable stock packed away in its cupboards. So does it produce a powerful newspaper; magically free from advertisements, directed by an army of charming and accomplished “*rédauteurs*”, and engaging in wonderful enterprise and expense. Occasionally things go wrong; somebody resists, and the doings of “La Lumière” are given to the world. But these incidents blow over; “La Maison Rouge” is not so much as shaken; Paris merely says “Zut! They’re all the same!” and forgets. Nobody is indignant; people even smile and say, “Oui, ‘La Lumière’, c’est Paris—et Paris c’est ‘La Lumière’!” No doubt that is very near the truth. For who knows what secret power is wielded; what scandals are started; what scandals are suppressed; and what policies of State are guided by the gentlemen who sit—calm, implacable and, above all, polite—amongst the dossiers in the inner chambers of “La Maison Rouge”?

#### HABIT.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

SOME writers have a dread of platitudes. I have not. What is a platitude but an expression of the wisdom of the ages, the synopsis of a theory that was long ago propounded, tested, established, never subverted? Truth, of course, is a delicate and many-sided affair. For every platitude there is at least one other platitude to dilute and qualify it. Thus, when we speak of ourselves as “creatures of habit”, let us not forget to throw in something about “the charm of novelty”. And never let our love of novelty break us of our wholesome habit of platitudinising. It is good fun to say a quite new thing—marred though the fun is by the certainty that our message has been delivered by forerunners, and forgotten by mankind, times out of number. To utter a quite old thing, to be the mouthpiece of sanctified and indisputable lore, is, or ought to be, an august gratification. When next you find a platitude on the tip of your tongue, do not slur it out apologetically. Examine it, test it, for the first time, may be, with a fresh eye; steep yourself in the truth of it: rejoicing, you then will roll it off your tongue, in the manner it deserves.

“We are creatures of habit”, for example. Perhaps you have never realised how deep this saying cuts. You are aware (though all due allowance be made for

“the charm of novelty”) that the oftener you do a thing that you like doing, the more you like doing it. I do not know what morning paper you read at breakfast; but certainly, if you have read that particular paper every morning for many years, it has acquired a hold on you that none of its contemporaries could now relax. I do not know what is your method of reading it. My own newspaper I approach always through its outskirts, lightly lingering over the reviews of books on the one hand, and the law reports on the other, all the while listening to, but not obeying, the insistent call of the central page, which may or may not contain some tremendous piece of news to stir the very depths of my soul. Such is my procedure. Yours may be to envisage straightway the central page. Yours may be the better. There is no reason why I should not have acquired it in the first instance. But, if it were forced on me now, all the magic of my morning would be stripped away. The tobacco you smoke after breakfast may be better than mine. But, thank you, I prefer my own. The brand has deteriorated in quality since first I began to smoke it. But, while life lasts, allegiance will not waver. I know not which seat at which luncheon table in your club is preferred by you. Probably you could not justify your preference. Probably you would be puzzled to account for the various preferences that spangle your daily life. They are not of reason, but of habit. Opening the morning paper, lighting one’s tobacco after breakfast, sitting down to luncheon—all these are pleasant functions. It is no wonder that the oftener we perform them, the higher we rate them, the closer we cling to them. Habit’s signal triumph is in the power to endear to us even such things as are in themselves repellent.

I cull, at random, one simple illustration from the diary of my own days. What is more repellent than an oil-stove? Two or three years ago, in mid-winter, I went to spend a week in an ancient rustic inn. The proprietor conducted me to my bedroom. This was nobly panelled and had an ample Jacobean grate and hearth, to which I pointed admiringly, saying I should like the fire lit at once. The proprietor was very sorry: the chimney-pot had been blown off, and if the fire were lit the room would be full of smoke. He hoped the damage could be repaired to-morrow or next day; and meanwhile he would bring me a small stove which gave out ample heat. This instrument—a sort of upstanding cylinder, freshly black-leaded—was promptly installed. It was a thing of mean, incongruous, and sinister aspect. It might have been a patent hive for black-beetles. Certain little bits of red and green glass inlaid in the top of it, for the purpose of cheeriness, especially annoyed me. It gave out very little heat. It filled the room with an unctuous, cloying odour. I hated and despised it. And yet, when, four days later, I came in from a long walk, and found, in the stove’s stead, a beautiful big fire roaring in the grate, somehow I was stricken with a sense of loss. I had grown used to the little stove. It had had its faults. But which of us is perfect? It had done its best. So far as in it lay, it had served me well. And now it was gone. And it had never had one kind look from me. I realised, too late, that habit had endeared it to me.

At the risk of being thought egoistic, I cull from the diary of my days another instance of habit’s alchemy. Twelve long years, all but a short month or two, have elapsed since I became a dramatic critic. I had no desire to become one. “G. B. S.” had just stepped aside: I found myself in his place, blinking. Had I been told that I was destined to write about plays for twelve weeks, I should have shuddered. Had I been told that I was destined to write about them for twelve years, I should have expired on the spot, neatly falsifying the prediction. But Fate weaves in darkness (which perhaps is why she weaves so badly), and it was not long before I acquired a vivid interest in the thing: that, unbeknown to me, was going to take up so much of my time on this planet. Not that my pen ever ran away with me. I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. But the cause of this lack was not in

the nature of my theme. It was in myself. Writing has always been up-hill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience. To seem to write with ease and delight is one of the duties which a writer owes to his readers, to his art. And to contrive that effect involves very great skill and care: it is a matter of technique, a matter of construction partly, and partly of choice of words and cadences. There may be—I have never met one—writers who enjoy the act of writing; but without that technique their enjoyment will not be manifest. I may often have failed, in my articles here, to disguise labour. But the effort to disguise it has always been loyally made. And thus it is that Thursday, the day chosen by me (as being the latest possible one) for writing my article, has for twelve years been regarded by me as the least pleasant day of the week. On Wednesday I have had always a certain sense of oppression, of misgiving, even of dread. On Friday—the danger past, the sun shining, my feet dancing! And yet (such is habit, and so subtle a thing the human organism), whenever I have let pass a Thursday I have felt uncomfortable, unsatisfied, throughout the day. Even during my annual holiday, away from England, when I have kept no count of the days of the week, I have always recognised Thursday by the vague feeling of inanition in me, of impatience—the sort of feeling a clock may have when it has not been wound up. And I am wondering now, as I write, just how I shall feel next Thursday, and on the Thursdays to come.

In last week's REVIEW I read a letter from my comrade, Mr. Runciman, suggesting that we two should retire to a desert island and stay there until the respective vogues of Dr. Strauss and Signor Grasso had blown over. Very well: what island shall we go to? what boat shall we sail by? I am quite ready. But I fear my comrade's is too belligerent a nature to tear itself away from the thick of the hurly-burly. I myself am not such a peace-at-any-price man as to be frightened away by Signor Grasso. Let no one suppose that the retreat I beat is not a dignified one. For some weeks I have been meaning to beat it; and now the hour happens to have come. And the reason for my resolve is not in any feeling that I have said all that is in me to say about drama and acting. The reason is in a feeling that twelve years is a rather long time for any man to devote to the consideration of those two arts. So farewell, my readers! And farewell, my Thursdays!

Is love of my readers as strong in me as hatred of my Thursdays? It is not half so strong. I feel extraordinarily light and gay in writing this farewell—at least, I shall so soon as I have finished it. And yet (to return to the actual theme of my essay) habit is mighty; and habit, which made me mourn in retrospect that abhorred oil-stove, may yet make me envy my successor here. And you, by the same token, will miss me a little, for a little while? Ah, you don't know who my successor is.

#### "ORPHEUS" AT THE SAVOY.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT may cause surprise and perhaps consternation when the Scottish race learn that the kilt is a fashionable garment in the place where bad little boys go to hereafter. Or, perchance, the statement requires modification, thus—in the Hades of the old Greeks ghosts went about clad (if clad it can be called) in the kilt. Even this way of putting the case does not seem quite right. To modify it again and get nearer to plausibility, if not historical truth: in the eighteenth century it was thought that the spirits of the departed were so appalled. Or, once again; to make the matter perfectly clear, it would be best to say that Miss Marie Brema thinks that in the eighteenth century it was imagined that the old Greeks pictured their lost friends, enemies and relatives as squirming and crawling about the nether pit in the very unpicturesque and, I should say, uncomfortable garb affected by the patriotic Scot in London only when he goes into training to defend our

shores against the ruthless foreign invader. According to Miss Brema, lost souls get themselves up in this dress and twist about the floor of their eternal prison like professional contortionists at a music-hall, just as the happier spirits in the Elysian fields dance cake-walks like niggers out for a holiday.

At any rate, I gathered so much from a performance of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Savoy on Tuesday afternoon. I regret to say that owing to my own gross carelessness I was three-quarters of an hour late. So seldom do I go to the theatre and so frequently to concerts that the idea of any *matinée* beginning before three o'clock never occurred to me. However, I saw the tremendous scene in hell and heard the barking of that fearsome animal Cerberus (he barks three times in each bar, once for each head, I presume); I heard also the sublimely ecstatic music of the Elysian fields and was made to feel the poignant grief of Orpheus when he loses his Eurydice in the last act. And then, like the rest of the audience, I was let down to the level of every-day life by the flood of banal stuff which Gluck turns loose as soon as the god of love enters to bring matters to a conclusion satisfying to the eighteenth-century mind. It was a notable afternoon; and, indeed, Miss Brema's enterprise shows that there has been some genuine "progress" in the musical affairs of this country. Ten years ago it would not have been possible at all—probably not fifty people would have attended. On Tuesday not only the stalls but the gallery and balconies as well were full. One was inevitably driven to make comparisons between this performance and one given at Covent Garden twenty years ago, when Mr. Lago practically introduced "Orpheus" to English opera-goers. He introduced at the same time two Italian singers—the Misses Ravogli, one of whom became immediately a celebrated personage. Of course the scenic and general stage arrangement of poor Mr. Lago would not have been tolerated by Tuesday afternoon's audience. Even in 1890 Lago was hopelessly behind the times; and since then the influence of Wagner and Mr. Gordon Craig has made itself severely felt. Magnificent Covent Garden itself has almost perceptibly improved. "Anything is good enough, and nothing too bad, for opera" can no longer be the motto of an impresario. Miss Brema's staging of "Orpheus" was simply superb; of the ancient botching and bungling that used to make us alternately laugh and weep at Covent Garden there was not a trace. And yet—I cannot but think that Lago's performance was more satisfactory. All Miss Brema's gorgeous effects, all her thoroughly up-to-date devices—well, in a word, they seemed too much up-to-date, too modern—they merely helped to compel one to feel that the music was *not* Wagner's music and that Miss Brema's methods were Wagner's methods.

It seems a trifle ungrateful to write in this strain of Miss Brema's venture, so I hurry on at once to say that everyone who can spare the time from less important things should go on Tuesday or Thursday or Friday of next week and hear the opera. It has not really been heard in London since Lago's time. Sir Augustus Harris, who had no reverence for anything or anyone—neither the equator nor this REVIEW—used to "present" a shameful version of "Orpheus", a version in which Gluck's very eighteenth-century idea was scouted, and Gluck himself, being dead, set at defiance. It was interesting and even amusing, but it was not Gluck's "Orphée". That work was the product of French pseudo-classicism working in the brain of a man of stupendous genius. The result was a sort of cast-iron conventional two-act opera in which at all the crucial moments the composer rises not only to the occasion, but to a height far above the occasion—the occasion, that is, as it is shaped in the libretto. From the musical dictionaries—or, better still, from Mr. Ernest Newman's *Life of Gluck*, which I reviewed here about a century ago—one may learn who wrote the libretto. I have forgotten, but whoever the gentleman may have been, the real designer of the work was Gluck himself. All Gluck's peasant naïveté, all his eighteenth-century culture, all the indomitable resolu-



tion—which is a better phrase than stubbornness—all are in "Orpheus"; and there is all his great tenderness. No man with so little sheer musical inventiveness ever accomplished so much. His aims were quite different from Wagner's, yet, after all, he was Wagner's precursor in this, that his music grew out of his drama. The tragedy and grief of the first scene—which I missed the other day—are colossal: the music can be compared only with Handel's March for the Dead in "Saul": it is not the expression of an individual grief: it is universal: the grief not even of a nation but of a world, of a myriad of worlds, over the death and extinction of all things. The scene in hell, conventional and therefore absurd as it is, is terrific in its energy, its overwhelming sense of the hopelessness of existence—the existence of a poor ghost condemned to dwell for ever in some chill region on the further side of the black river Acheron. Yet the scene in the Elysian fields is most wondrous of all. It is curious that the composers who were in the practical workings of humdrum everyday life the most frightful, pig-headed, cross-tempered chaps to get on with, men who were a nuisance to themselves and everyone round them, fellows like Handel, Wagner, Bach and Beethoven—it is odd how they seemed to indulge in dreams of perpetual bliss and happiness. Gluck in "Armide" gave these dreams full play; even in that cruel and hard opera, "Iphigénie", there are hints of them; but he never sustained the ecstatic mood so long as in "Orpheus", in this Elysian-fields scene. The music has all but the strange tearful beauty of Mozart, and the profound human note can be felt throughout. For the business of Orpheus not daring to look on Eurydice, and not venturing to explain matters, Gluck trusted to the singers pulling off the anguish through almost plain recitative; but, still, at the right moment we get "Che farò". The rest is balderdash, mere "filling", put in because Gluck was both a great artist and a good business man: he did not choose to squander time, ink and paper on music that would have been wasted had it been the noblest music ever written. "Orpheus" has always seemed to me Gluck's most perfect opera. In some of the others he is more tremendous; but from every point of view "Orpheus" shows the most consummate workmanship and contains also—a point to be remembered—least to jar on one with the preposterous eighteenth-century pseudo-classicality.

"Orpheus" was not written yesterday. Miss Brema's plan of representing certainly was worked out yesterday—and that is my only objection to it. I mean that it bears all the marks of having been thought out yesterday; it is full of the modes and musical fashions of yesterday. In music yesterday means Wagner. What I have remarked about the scenery—and might have remarked about the lighting and about the diaphanous attire of the ladies—applies to the singing and to the playing of the orchestra. Miss Brema is an artist of the very first rank, but she sang with a degree of personal passion that is suited only to the music of yesterday—to wit, Wagner's. It was great singing—no one could be for one moment in doubt about that—but it was Wagnerian, not Gluckish, singing. Mr. Michael Balling's conducting of the band was in some, though not all, respects fine conducting; but we felt Wagner shoving his big chin through Gluck's score and glaring at us with hungry, yearning eyes. In a word, music which is, so to speak, chipped out of cold marble was bent and twisted and accented and over-accented into something that was neither Wagner nor Gluck—a thing that was incongruous in itself, a contradiction in terms. Miss Viola Tree's singing was very beautiful; and I hope the greater and more experienced artist who shared the performance with her, Miss Brema, will next week fall into line with her younger colleague and by so doing make her Orpheus the finest that has ever been seen. It was difficult to understand why Mr. Balling played in what can only be called an uproarious fashion. He is a consummate musician: in the days when he played the viola-alta my cat Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy Shedlock Runciman Felinis was a huge admirer of his and always carefully examined his bow when he had

finished playing; but on Tuesday he appeared far too anxious to turn old Gluck's very eighteenth-century classical dances into a Walkürenritt. Possibly by now things have been thought over; and in the meantime, not to appear ungrateful, let me end by saying that the show is well worth attending, not by dry historical students, but by people who want to pass an afternoon profitably in enjoying themselves.

Some dozens of concerts await attention, and they must wait. Only it must be recorded at once that on Saturday last Strauss atoned for all his sins of composition by playing Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony as it has never been played before within my recollection. If Strauss is not a great composer he is the next best thing, a very, very great conductor. The orchestra from The Hague must stand over till later, and also a rendering of Bach's "Matthew" Passion by the London Choral Society. The band from Holland played galvanically; and the "Matthew" Passion affair would have been admirably in place in a music-hall.

## A TROPICAL ISLAND.

By FILSON YOUNG.

### IV.—ISLAND FORTUNES.

THERE are many pleasant ways of making your fortune in Trinidad. The foundation of all is cocoa. You have but to throw that green mantle over the hills and valleys of the island to take from under it, as from beneath a conjurer's cloth, anything between a living and a fortune. But cocoa is not the only thing. The great central plain of the island is devoted to the cultivation of sugar, and that, although it is not exactly profitable at the moment, may at any time, by a turn in prices, an alteration in some manufacture, or a little juggling with tariffs, become so valuable as to turn all those miles of green into miles of gold. Another way is to plant coconut trees, which cost nothing except for the labour of planting, and then sit down and watch them grow until in a year or two a harvest of wealth clusters about their crowns. While I was in Trinidad someone got an order from America for a million coconuts; and all he has to do is to knock them down from his trees and roll them into the holds of the ships that come to take them. In such minor industries the profits to be realised are out of all proportion to the modest capital which has to be invested; but you cannot do it from a London office. You cannot even get it done for you; you must do it yourself. You must be the capitalist, you the planter, you the salesman, you the exiled waiter and watcher out there in the sunshine, if you would also be the beneficiary and reaper of these rich rewards.

It is the same with cocoa; the profits on a small carefully managed cocoa estate range anywhere between ten and fifty per cent. on the capital expended; more than that sometimes; but no one, I imagine, has yet devised a plan whereby these profits can be realised by the mere capitalist. If you buy a cocoa estate and put a manager to work it, someone no doubt will make the twenty per cent.—but not you. The large profits come to the man who lives on his estate, who walks daily through the dark leafage, watches the ripening pods that glow like lamps shading from crimson through orange and amber to the palest yellow; who marks this tree, doctors that one, condemns that other to death; studies questions of drainage and shade, who watches over his black gang of labourers, and passes his life very largely in solitude, listening day by day to the dragging rhythm of the coolie's footsteps on the roof of the cocoa-house, where hour by hour he moves backwards and forwards making tracks with his feet in the red-brown beans that are spread out to dry in the sun. In one way a cocoa estate is an ideal lazy man's occupation. If you have a well-established estate, it will go on for years with little or no attention. The cocoa tree bears three times a year, and the trees all at different times, so that there is always a harvest to be gathered; when you want money, or when the



market is high, you pick your cocoa; when the market is low, or you are in funds, you may leave it on the trees, or at the worst dry it and keep it for a better day. What little the sun and the soil will not do, the niggers and coolies do for you. You live in beautiful surroundings, and there is a fascination about a cocoa estate that grows and grows upon a man until to take a walk through the cocoa becomes his highest material, and to talk cocoa his deepest spiritual, pleasure. You may live in that lazy way, live perhaps pleasantly and sufficiently, but you will not be likely nowadays to make a fortune. That remains for the younger generation of planters who are discovering that a cocoa crop is not a miracle, but an event governed by natural laws the working of which may be helped or hindered by the application of other natural laws. The Government has founded a scientific Department of Agriculture, the object of which is to discover these natural laws and encourage their application, and the result of its work is already to be seen. Some of the older Spanish planters, whose vast estates have been allowed to run wild and which still nevertheless remain like mines out of which money can be dug at need, are a little superior to the new method. What has been since the beginning is good enough for to-day, and for that long sunny to-morrow that always smiles before Spanish eyes. But the French and English planters are learning their lesson; elaborate networks of drainage, such as the older generation would have scoffed at, now intersect their estates; the oldest traditions and beliefs are being examined and questioned; so that you will hardly travel in the train from Port-of-Spain to Arima without hearing a discussion as to whether after all the *bois immortel* is really the best shade for cocoa. I know nothing of the science of the matter, but on æsthetic grounds I should be sorry indeed if the *bois immortel*, or "*madre de cacao*" as the Spaniards call it, ever ceases to be planted. It is the glory of the island. You see nothing of it, as you walk among the cocoa, but the long straight stems, like those of an ash tree, planted some thirty yards apart, with the cocoa trees looking like nut trees in between. But go away to another hillside, or travel some long glaring miles on the white road, and then look back at the place you have left; and you behold a sea of tree-tops billowing away to the farthest sky-line and covered with a glory of orange and vermillion flowers. This lovely mother of the cocoa (*Erythrina umbrosa* in a more stately language) shades its children all day long in the fierce heat of the sun, collects in its broad leaves the morning and evening dew which keeps the ground moist about them, and, when it dies its vernal death, dies in a glorious shower of flame-coloured petals that enrich the soil and are the life of the young cocoa to be.

And, like these immortals, everything about the cocoa is beautiful. If a boundary has to be marked off, it is not done by ugly wire or fences of wood and stone, but stalks of croton are thrust into the ground to take root and send forth perennially the broad autumn-coloured leaves which contrast so well with the deep green of the undergrowth that no other boundary-mark is necessary. And if a newly planted tree has to be marked so that the sickle will spare it when the rank weeds about it are being cleared, a stem of our common hothouse datura is put in to mark the spot, which it advertises not only by its white flower but by the delicious perfume it spreads on the air around it. And what can be more lovely than the cocoa itself? Its fruit is a spheroid pod as big as a large pear that grows, each pod on its little stem, straight out of the trunk of the tree. They look like frail Chinese lanterns lighting the dim grove, but if you try to cut one open with a pocket-knife you will be reminded that all beauty is not necessarily frail. The shell is hard and tough, and it takes a sharp blow of the cutlass to split it open and reveal the milky interior wherein nestle the beans, the wealth of the cocoa tree. But there are no more processes except to collect and dry the beans and to spread them in the sun on the roof of a house, to be stirred and turned by the lazy feet of some coolie with his

rhythmical sentry-go; then there is nothing more to do but to put them into bags and send them to the market.

The finance of the old cocoa estates is extremely interesting, although I am the last person in the world to understand it. But where a family, originally owning a great estate, has grown and spread in the island and branched into other families, all still living on the income of the original estate, it becomes involved in a tangle of mortgages, liens, charges, assignments and insurances for the unravelling of which a special accountant's department would need to be provided. Half the estates are mortgaged because money has had to be raised when the price of cocoa was low; but the easy-going Creoles, instead of paying off some of the mortgage when the price of cocoa is high, take holidays to Europe instead and leave the estate still encumbered. Some people, indeed, have cocoa estates who have never had any money at all. They seem to have acquired estates by the simple process of mortgage, and have lived more or less magnificently ever since. For Trinidad is an island of credit. No one with a cocoa estate thinks of paying for anything, although there is never, even among those Creole families which are financially in the deepest waters, any evidence of a shortage of actual cash. To me this is a great and excellent mystery. I can understand such people having no difficulty in getting credit for a hundred pounds' worth of goods, but I do not understand how they come by the five- and ten-pound notes which furnish them with necessary small change. But the small change is always there apparently; the Creoles are most hospitable people, with that fine, lavish instinct which decrees that in matters of hospitality a thing that is done at all must be done as well as possible. They will entertain you royally on the brink of doom. Every now and then, of course, there is a crash; you hear that some family has become bankrupt. And that apparently relieves the tension, for the next thing you hear of them is that they are building themselves a new house, and that the daughters are going for a year to Europe. The truth is that there is such wealth in Trinidad, and money comes so easily and quickly when it comes at all, that these accidents are brief in their duration and light in their effects, like the sudden storm of wind and rain that swoops down over the mountains and lashes the earth, setting the great feathery plumes of the royal palms waving and tossing in the upper air; and passes again as quickly as it came, leaving the world to sleep again in the sunshine.

But cocoa, as I said, is not the only thing, nor perhaps the greatest source of wealth. There is hardly any precious crop that will not grow there, and grow abundantly. Rubber is being planted on the cocoa estates, and many a mile of honest cocoa is being cleared and planted with doubtful rubber. Still, if you really want to grow rubber, and not merely to buy or sell rubber which is not in existence, here is the soil for it. And there is the pitch lake—of all the means of getting wealth for nothing assuredly the most absurdly simple in the world. It is a great bottomless deposit in the south-western corner of the island consisting of nothing more nor less than the asphalt with which streets are paved. The lake is inexhaustible; if you set a thousand men to dig a hole in it to-day the hole would be filled up to-morrow; there is an endless railway of buckets from the lake to the wharf two miles away; and hour after hour, day after day, the pitch pours into the holds of steamers to be sold at a great price—a process which can apparently go on for centuries without interruption. And last, but not least, in the same part of the island oil has now been discovered in apparently limitless quantities, and American capital is pouring into the island to acquire and work the oil wells. It is all held independently of the Oil Trust, and the Government has reserved a right to take the whole or any part of the oil for itself at the market price at any time when it may be required; so that in this little island alone a fuel supply for our Navy in any time of war is absolutely secure.

These are the gross material facts, the economic foundation on which this superstructure of magic

beauty rests. But it is strange to me that it has been left to the Americans to discover that Trinidad is now and in the immediate future likely to afford some of the most valuable investments in the world.

(To be continued.)

## IN ARCADY.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

### II.—THE SHRIVING OF BRICKILNS.

WODIAM church and parsonage lie in the hollow half a mile from the village. When the Clear brims full, its sopping meadows are wonderful in their fresh paint-green—meadows pranked with starry bogbean and shining mimulus and that helleborine on whose blossom trembles the constant tear. Never did meadows of paradise preach more of peace and joy. The parsonage is pure Tudor. The church, with lancet windows and pointed arches, lifts to the blue its early tower. "1640" is on the herring-bone brickwork of the tithe barn, and around stand the great elms that complete an old English village. Arcady here beyond doubt! Yet Arcady never seems to get quite the schoolmaster, overseer, parson it wants.

It had Parson Pinchard, forty years of him with his policy of hoard and screw. His hospitality was a croquet party in July at the Rectory; and one remembers how, when the maid clinked the cups and saucers outside the drawing-room door, the old man broke into a bitter, querulous "That's right. Break 'em all, break 'em all", before his guests. The wretched organ in Pinchard's day ground out certain hymn tunes when set going, and there were days when something went wrong with the machine. But the story that once it continued to play the Old Hundredth after it should have stopped, and played on when carried into the churchyard, was made at the Manor House, where Pinchard and his services were a jest.

After the screw came the squarson. Mr. Looserein had inherited through Diana, his mother, a small estate in a wretched sporting country where the only fox-hunting was fox-hunting afoot among the fells; and where trout ran eight to the pound, and not a partridge was to be seen. He followed his father as rector, the living being in the gift of the family. But if his father bred him for the Church, his mother bore him for the chase. He was a master of game, and, so soon as he could, exchanged livings with a south-country parson and found himself in his element at Wodiam. There was not much fencing with the Wodiam Hounds, yet he contrived to get sport all through the season. He was cub-hunting in September, and he had hunted a May fox. One well remembers him on that roaring grey! It was said he knew the note of every dog and bitch in the pack.

You might see two puppies hanging about the Rectory through the summer: they scavenged for food all day, and one of them was always sticking its nose under the wire netting at the Manor farm fowl-run and drawing out the bones and scraps meant for the poultry.

In the summer he got as much trout-fishing as he wanted in the Clear. He could shoot out the fly with an underhand cast, and into the wind, as well as any man: there was a little flick at the end of the throw that straightened the last few inches of the cast, and the fly cocked up and floated over the trout in a lovely way.

Best of all was it to watch him deal with driven partridges coming down a ravening wind. He stood well back from the hedge and got his birds better than anybody about Wodiam. There is often a moment when birds swinging over the hedge see the gun and flinch the fraction of a second ere spinning off to right or left or up into the wind. That is the dead point of flight; and it was as if in that second his gun was fastened to his bird. Many shooters know that feeling at times; but the squarson seemed to know it at all times. He was six or seven years at Wodiam; and so good was the partridge-shooting and trout-fishing, and so popular was he with the Hunt, he might have

been there to-day had not an uncle left him a small property in the Midlands, where the hunting is far better. He shoots with two guns now, and has two or three of the cleverest fencers in the county. Wodiam hears of him now and then.

It is curious he yet wears a white tie, and will not hunt in pink. After all, if his mother bore him for the chase, his father bred him for the Church.

It is recalled that he never was known in Wodiam to speak a foul word of man or woman, or to do a mean thing.

After the screw and the squarson came the saint. Spiritually Wodiam had hibernated for the best part of a generation under Pinchard and Looserein. It awoke when Mr. Cope came in. He brought his curate Chasuble—by whom he was outcoped. They stirred the people of Wodiam in truth. They raised the Cross on high, where Looserein had raised the brush.

The fire at the altar was lit, and whilst they reigned at Wodiam it was never suffered to burn low. They prayed for the dead where their forerunners had barely prayed for the living. Dissent between Mr. Cope and his Protestant flock broke out of course. It grew hot. The temperature at Wodiam Church may have been low even for Flint and Stubbage for years past. Now it was altogether too high. There was so much lovingkindness about Mr. Cope that, left to himself, he might—or might not—have hit it off somehow with his people. But Chasuble would not suffer him this weakness. Chasuble saw to the choir, Chasuble arranged all the musical work. Chasuble bundled out the wife of one of the churchwardens who had played the organ in the days of the screw and the squarson.

He went about with a sword where Mr. Cope might often have gone about with a salve.

For long it had been a habit of some of the flock of the Rev. Mr. Ebenezer Jones to stray to Wodiam Church in the evening after hearkening to Ebenezer in the morning. Mr. Looserein had thinned out the straying sheep, Chasuble extirpated them. Chapel was packed morning and evening. Chasuble caused a run on Ebenezer.

Yet, oddly, what brought things to a head was an act not by Chasuble but by Mr. Cope. The assistant teacher in the school was seen to pass a letter to a member of the choir. Mr. Cope himself saw it, and he deeply resented it, and raised the matter at a meeting of the school committee. It was a love-letter—and God is Love. But against the wish of Chasuble, Mr. Cope would not overlook the offence. He would have sacrificed the girl had she been his daughter. She had to go; and—so perplexing are the currents and cross-currents of life even in a little English village—Ebenezer wrote to Mr. Cope praising this dismissal as an act of godliness! The committee split, two-thirds being coolly with Mr. Cope, and one-third hot against him.

God is Love, but it does not always work out so in the management of a village school.

The angry minority went on Sundays to the neighbouring village three miles from their beef and batter pudding, and, one by one, the members of the cool majority dropped away, till finally one evening when Mr. Cope was sick and in bed, Chasuble—who in this particular school quarrel had sought peace—preached to Chasuble.

And now it was really borne in on Mr. Cope, after three years of spiritual wrestling, that the heathen of Wodiam were not to be converted. Flint and Stubbage worshipped gods that were not his gods. He could not break them, could not root them out. Is there any heathen so heathen as he whose images take the forms of mangel-wurzels and tegs?

So he made ready to go to a parish where his services would be more availing. But he did not go without one last service which Wodiam can never forget. Mr. Cope had always been respected, even by some of his angriest critics, as a good man. It was felt that he wrought in the love of God, and on



the morning of his last service it seemed as if the whole village had gathered to take leave of him. Farmers, gentry, poor, made the largest congregation the oldest villager in Wodiam could recall. As if to prick their consciences he dealt more tenderly with his protestants than he had dealt since he first entered the place. He preached at nobody; and as the service drew to a close even Flint and Stubbage began to ask themselves—had they not persecuted a man who after all was not so dangerous a papist as they had thought?

It was at this point, just when thoughts of delicious Yorkshire pudding—which was so good on Sundays at Wodiam that one could hardly help eating a whole slice of it ere taking a mouthful of the beef—began to affect the congregation almost visibly, that an astounding thing befel. The Squire's sister saw it, and grew hot and cold all over. In the dead silence a figure in white draperies came into the aisle from somewhere, perhaps the vestry, and at a sign from Chasuble walked up and knelt before Mr. Cope and with great solemnity was borne into the bosom of the church.

The sot, the unspeakable of Wodiam, Brickilns, the man who had been before the beaks twenty times and more, he who had been in quad over and again—draped in white, the repentant sinner, absolved by Mr. Cope! It is no use to argue and say such things don't happen in prosy England. They happened.

Wodiam stared as if a slab in the aisle had suddenly raised itself and a Beaurepark had come up in his shroud. Wodiam forgot its batter pudding and steaming Brussels sprouts.

After that the sublime words "Keep your hearts and minds", the organ, and the stream of folk winding down the church path into the road. How peaceful and beautiful that winding stream looks to one who watches it a mile away on the thymy side of the great down above Wodiam—how often one has seen it thus winding home to broad beans and bacon in the cottage, and to tender melting undercut in the farmhouse!

So Mr. Cope exchanged, and Wodiam was left to recover as best it might from the shock of seeing Brickilns in white, a shriven man. Mr. Cope and Chasuble left the village and have never been seen there since. The whole thing is now like a dream to those who saw it: and there are one or two who still cannot make up their minds whether it was the Christian charity of Mr. Cope—who beyond reasonable doubt was a good man—or the vengeance of Chasuble that did it; or whether it may not have been the stroke of God.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE OXFORD ELECTION OF 1865.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 S. Colme Street, Edinburgh, 5 April 1910.

SIR,—In my old friend Mr. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy's Life of his father, Lord Cranbrook, which I am reading with great interest, he quotes the last stanza only of Mansel's admirable election epigram on Bishop Wilberforce's remark on seeing the name of Archdeacon Clarke as the Chairman of our Committee. As it loses half its point without the first verse, I am sure he will be glad to see it in full as I remember it. I therefore give the full epigram, which is probably unknown to most of this generation:

"When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's famed city  
Cast his eye on the Chairman of Hardy's Committee,  
Said Samuel (from Samson a metaphor taken)

'They plough with my heifer, that is my Archdeacon.'

But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch

To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,  
We see with regret (and the spectacle shocks one)  
That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxon."

E. W. URQUHART.

### THE POPE AND MR. ROOSEVELT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 April 1910.

SIR,—Without entering into the details of the much-talked-of dispute between Mr. ex-President Roosevelt and the Holy See, allow me to point out to you that the Methodist Association or College mentioned by his Holiness, at which it was thought the ex-President, following the example of Mr. Fairbanks, might have spoken, is not, as some of your readers doubtless imagine, a purely religious institution, existing for the sole purpose of teaching the doctrines of the Evangelical Churches, but a branch of the Anti-Clerical Society of Rome, of which Signor Podrecca, of the "Asino", is the chief. The Methodist "Church" in the Via Nazionale has existed for many years, not so much as a chapel for prayer, but as a meeting-house for anti-clerical and even anti-Christian propaganda, by means of lectures and the distribution of tracts against the Pope, the Catholic Church, its dogmas and its ceremonies. Some of the illustrations to these tracts are borrowed from the "Asino", and free copies of that estimable journal are distributed amongst the congregation of this singular place of worship.

When ex-Vice-President Fairbanks came to Rome, he was possibly unaware of the true character of this so-called Methodist College, and delivered there a lecture, which contained nothing offensive or against the Pope. This was very shortly after he had been received by his Holiness. The mere fact of his attending the so-called Methodist College gave rise to much scandal, and when ex-President Roosevelt arrived the Pope was determined that such an incident should not occur again. The unfortunate part of the whole of this business has been that Mr. Roosevelt was not able to communicate verbally with Mgr. Kennedy, who could then have explained to him exactly how matters stood. His Holiness obviously never wished to put any undue check upon Mr. Roosevelt's freedom of action or speech, but he was obliged to make him understand that he could not receive a gentleman who might by some chance have been lured by his Holiness' bitterest enemies into attending their anti-Catholic meeting-house. Mr. Roosevelt, we may do him the credit of believing, misunderstood the meaning of the Pope's message, as interpreted by Mgr. Kennedy, but this does not justify his rushing into print with official correspondence, which, according to the rules of diplomacy, ought to have been considered sacred. However, Mr. Roosevelt has been quickly enlightened as to the true character of his Methodist friends, for one of their leaders, a gentleman named Tipple, has since issued a violent manifesto lauding Mr. Roosevelt to the skies for "snubbing" the Pope; and they have commenced the distribution of a number of leaflets on the subject intended to excite the people of Rome against the Pontiff, who is therein described as both intolerant and stupid. The College has also issued a vigorous poster containing what it terms a "solemn warning to those who cherish the delusion that the spirit of the Papacy has changed"! Ex-President Roosevelt has not left behind him in Rome a very favourable impression of his tact and diplomatic skill—all the more so that, as if to confirm the opinion of the Vatican, he seized the opportunity of being initiated a member of the Scotch Lodge of Freemasons, which is violently anti-Christian. Moreover, he openly expressed the great honour he had received in being presented to Signor Nathan, Podrecca, Barzilai, Ferrero, and other leaders of the Freemasonic body in Rome. "Il Resto del Carlino" of Bologna, an anti-clerical paper, remarks: "Mr. Roosevelt, in his anxiety to obtain for himself as large an advertisement as possible, has surpassed in bad taste the ill-conduct of his predecessor, Mr. Fairbanks, and has displayed a lack of tact and discrimination which is simply amazing in one who has the least pretension to diplomatic knowledge, for it will be remembered that if the Freemasonic bodies of Rome are anti-clerical, they are also anti-monarchical". Comment is needless. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt has covered himself with ridicule.



Even the "Messaggero" remarks that "by his excessive desire to obtain a gratuitous advertisement Mr. Roosevelt has left the reverse of a pleasant impression of himself amongst all decent-minded people in Rome, possibly the King included."

There is yet another matter, which is of even greater importance, and will, I am afraid, lead to diplomatic unpleasantness. An official telegraphic agency, very much under Masonic influence, has availed itself of the interview at Florence between the Marquis di San Giuliano and the German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, to announce that the German Emperor will go to Rome next year on a State visit to King Victor Emmanuel III., on the occasion of the inauguration of the fêtes that are to mark the fifty years' jubilee of the unity of Italy, and also the downfall of the Temporal Power of the Pope. Needless to say, the Kaiser would no more think of coming to Rome for such a purpose and on such an occasion than he would think of flying, since by so doing he would offend both the Centre, the strongest political party in Germany, and the whole of the twenty-two million German Roman Catholics. I may tell you that no Sovereign will take part in these rejoicings, at least not in Rome itself. No Catholic Monarch could do so, for obvious reasons, and a Protestant Sovereign visiting Rome would be obliged to go both to the Vatican and the Quirinal. He would therefore place himself in the ludicrous position of having to congratulate the King of Italy on being in possession of a city which his other host, the Pope, declares should be his by right! The Italian Government, by putting out ridiculous "feelers" of this sort, displays its feebleness, and richly merits the snubs it is constantly receiving for its absolute lack of diplomatic tact and astuteness.

Yours truly,

A TRAVELLER.

#### THE POOR LAW REPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

269 King Street, Hammersmith, W.,

11 April 1910.

SIR,—The debate on Sir Robert Price's Prevention of Destitution Bill has drawn the attention of Unionists once more to the Report of the Minority of the Poor Law Commissioners. Every effort is being made to enlist the support of benevolent people for the proposals of the Minority, and there is good reason to believe that not a few Unionists are likely to be deceived as to the object which the Socialist authors of the Minority Report really have in view.

In this connexion I desire to bring before your readers the following very significant paragraph which appeared in the "New Age" of March 24. The "New Age", as you are aware, is reputed to be the organ of the Socialist "intellectuals". In an editorial note upon the Labour Exchanges the following passage occurs: "Paradoxical as it may sound, without unemployment there would be no employment—of the private order, that is; since labour would then become a monopoly with which only the State could deal. Mr. Buxton promised on behalf of the Government further instalments of the Minority Report on the Poor Law. These will infallibly work out in the direction above indicated. He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

We have here an interesting revelation of Socialist policy as it is not usually expounded to the public. Nominally the object of the proposals in the Minority Report is purely benevolent and ostensibly beneficial. The real object is political. The idea is that if employment with a certain rate of remuneration were provided by the State for those who would otherwise be unemployed, employers who had occasion at any time to increase the number of the hands engaged upon their work would be unable to do so, as the men who in different circumstances would have been available would be engaged by the State to their own satisfaction. In this way it is hoped that such a dearth of labour would be created, and the cost of labour would be raised to such a point, that employers themselves would be willing to have their businesses taken over by the State on the disadvantageous terms

that are customary in the case of the transfer of a losing concern. In fact, the purpose of the Minority Report as it is now for the first time disclosed in the Socialist Press, is part of the policy of which taxing the owners of private property out of existence is the most familiar feature. It is a clever manoeuvre in the Socialist attempt to make private enterprises so difficult and unremunerative that the State will be able to take them over, escaping the charge of confiscation by giving a nominal compensation after political action has wrecked the undertakings whose proprietors are "compensated" in this grossly dishonest manner.

In this connexion the greatest importance attaches to the point brought out by Lord George Hamilton in a speech which has been published by the National Poor Law Reform Association. He says: "The Majority, whilst admitting that deterrence has been pushed too far, propose to retain it in the sense that those who are helped out of public funds in consequence of inability to maintain themselves or their dependents, should not be in a position of perfect equality with those who maintain others as well as themselves. The Minority would obliterate any such distinction."

It is perfectly clear that if the proposals of the Minority are adopted the political object which the "New Age" avows will have been accomplished.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM BULL.

#### THOMAS, AND SIR THOMAS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 S. Teresa's Place, Botanic Road, Dublin,  
3 April 1910.

SIR,—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has made a speech in Montreal in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. What would Home Rule do? Would it not be the veriest sham if it did not give a helping hand to the average Irishman? And of course Sir Thomas would be very ready to aid any such enterprise.

One night, some years ago, I called at his beautiful home in beautiful Dorchester Street (West), Montreal, to ask him (to put it shortly) to give me a post in the C.P.R. He was not in when I called, but on returning to the street I came face to face with him near the gate entrance to his mansion. His fine figure stood silhouetted against the bright Canadian starlight. I submitted my request as respectfully and earnestly as I could, saying that I was an Irishman and adding any other comment which I could think of, and which was true, that might move him in my favour. He listened to me awhile, and then, transferring his cigar from his teeth to his fingers, he told me that he could do nothing for me—that all appointments to the C.P.R. were subject to the most stringent regulations, and he repeated the absurd statement that he was powerless in the matter. Seeing that further pressure was useless, I thanked him and retired. A douche of very cold water was shot out on my red-hot Irish hopes and expectations, and I retraced my steps towards Dominion Square very much wiser if a little sadder.

Some time afterwards a high official of the C.P.R. was passing through the public offices of Windsor Street Station on a round of inspection. In one of the offices through which he passed I was seated at a correspondence table busy with some letters. When he had gone through, the chief clerk turned to me and said "Do you know who that is?" I did not answer for a moment, but I smiled. "Yes", said I, "I have met him before." "That", said he, "is Sir Thomas Shaughnessy." "Oh, I know", said I—and I smiled again, and he probably wondered why.

Here were two men towards each of whom I had had certain relations. On one side was the very President himself of the C.P.R., a gentleman of title, of Irish name and blood and a Catholic, possessing vast discretionary power of appointment all over what is probably the biggest industrial organisation in the world. On the other side there was the chief clerk in the chief engineer's office of the C.P.R., a Pro-

testant Englishman from Derby. I, an humble, friendless Irish Catholic, in a strange city and land—and I made the President aware of the facts—appealed to Sir Thomas, but his non possumus was as unchangeable as the grey granite in the Windsor Street Station building. I turned a few days later to the Protestant gentleman, Maltby, the chief clerk—a grand fellow, six feet in height, full of fun and wit—and in a gruff but kindly voice he said to me "Sit down and begin work". In other words, what the titled Catholic of Irish name who had the power to grant refused to an Irish Catholic, the Protestant Englishman who had not one twentieth of the President's power, but ten times his courage, generosity and sympathy, gladly bestowed.

I have often travelled on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho—minus the half murders and robberies—and have met many a kindly priest and Levite on the way, but some of my sweetest memories are of the Good Samaritan; and Maltby from Derby was one of the best.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HUNT.

#### ENGLISH CHILDREN IN BRUSSELS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 April 1910.

SIR,—It is, of course, altogether just and proper that the English Chaplain in Brussels should write in defence of the practice of sending English children to school there. In truth, I am a little surprised at Mr. Clarke's delay. And I quite sympathise with him for confining himself to such general statements as that Brussels schools compare favourably with those of any other civilised country, and to a final business-like offer to recommend schools to any parents who ask about them. But no statements as to the merits or demerits of Brussels education in the least meet my arguments. It is, in fact—but this is merely en passant—the worst in Europe. Third-rate patois French, tenth-rate patois German, music and drawing lessons which have the merit of being cheap and the further merit of being worth exactly what is paid for them: that is what you get in Brussels for your English children.

EDWARD H. COOPER.

#### PATBALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your editorial note to my letter in your last issue you say: "We are not impressed by Mr. Vaile's prediction that England will deteriorate in games. England is on the whole easily to the fore there—provided the others play fair".

I may say that neither were the lawn-tennis players, the cricketers, or the Rugby footballers impressed, but the Davis cup reposest at the Antipodes, the ashes of English cricket lie in Australia, and the wraith of English Rugby moans in New Zealand and South Africa. The man who preaches decadence or deterioration without showing how to improve matters is almost a traitor. I am never "on this track". I have sufficient confidence in my fellow-countrymen to feel that they are all right—if they will think more. He would indeed be a bold man who would say that we are going forward in sport.

Your "provided the others play fair" seems to me remarkable. I find that most nations play very fairly. It is quite a national illusion that England holds the letters patent of the world for fair play. I presume we lost our supremacy at polo fairly. There is no doubt about lawn-tennis and cricket. When New Zealand beat England at the Crystal Palace in Rugby there was not the faintest suggestion of unfairness. So in swimming, sculling, hurdling, sprinting and many other sports. They have all gone by the board fairly so far as I can remember.

I must confess that I look in vain for any sign of improvement in English sport, particularly on the mental side of it. It is really quite an important question, although I have no doubt that few will recognise the fact.

I am etc.,

P. A. VAILE.

## REVIEWS.

### HERRICK MAN AND POET.

"Robert Herrick: a Biographical and Critical Study."

By F. W. Moorman. London: Lane. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. MOORMAN'S book is called a biographical and critical study, but though half of it is headed "The Life" it must not be supposed that he has added much to the discoveries and conjectures of Dr. Grosart, Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Gosse. In spite of State papers and the Herrick papers at Beaumanor, it is still unknown where Herrick went to school and what he did at Cambridge. Some letters quoted by Mr. Moorman show that his uncle, Sir William Herrick, kept him ill-supplied with money while at S. John's. This is the wicked goldsmith uncle to whom he was apprenticed before going up to Cambridge, and as the fourteen letters are to him and solely upon money matters they reveal nothing significant except that the poet ran "somewhat deep into his tailor's debt". Mr. Moorman takes it for granted that Herrick, "with the hot blood of Norse ancestors tingling in his veins, partook of as much of the 'cakes and ale' of university life as proctorial vigilance and a slender purse would admit". The ground for which eloquence is that the Herricks are of Scandinavian origin, the name being the same as Eric, which further induces the biographer to quote the "Dirge of Eric Bloodaxe" in an appendix. Leaving Cambridge in 1617 Herrick disappears from the sight of his biographer until he sails with Buckingham to the Isle of Rhé in 1627. In 1629 he went to Dean Prior as vicar. After this we know only what he tells us in his verses. He was ejected from his living in 1647, but was restored in 1662. He must have been in London at times, and a State paper of 1640 suggests that he was the father of the illegitimate child of Thomas Parsons, otherwise remembered as the recipient of a couplet in "Hesperides". What he did between 1647 and 1662, save publish "Hesperides" in 1648, no man knows. At Dean Prior he remained for the twelve remaining years of his life. Those years are another blank. Mr. Moorman, however, quotes an article written by Barton Field which suggests that he made a deep impression upon his parishioners. So late as 1809 many inhabitants of Dean Prior, says Field, could repeat verses by Herrick, and one old woman remembered exactly several of the "Noble Numbers", learnt from her mother, who worked for the poet's successor at the vicarage; she also retained a tradition that he kept a pet pig and taught it to drink out of a tankard. This is an extraordinary immortality for a cultured poet of Herrick's type.

Mr. Moorman's critical chapters are more valuable than the biographical. They occupy half the book and aim at showing what manner of work Herrick's was and what relation it bore to that of his predecessors and contemporaries. They are done well enough to justify the book. Yet it cannot be said that he has mastered all the mysteries of his subject. He has not even come to a conclusion as to the relation between strict truth and the poet's statements in verse, and in one place he speaks of "those who have learnt to recognise the candour of Herrick in the 'Hesperides'", while in many others he shows that recognising Herrick's candour is not the same as understanding the man. Sometimes Herrick's verses relate to proved facts; sometimes they do not. More frequently there is no evidence either way, and it is safe to say that while composing the poet was histrionic, acting parts, and making others act parts, which often had little or nothing to do with reality. It is quite possible that he would make a poem out of another poet's thought for no other reason than his enjoyment of that thought, and a pretty fancy about women or a woman would be sufficient for the invention of a Perenna or Perilla to whom to dedicate that fancy. He says that, though his muse was "jocund", his life was "chaste", and, again, that chaste he lived without a wife. This may be literally true, whether or not the reason was one which



he would have published. He is gross and physical, possibly because the terms which he uses have not the same reality for him as for others. It was perhaps easy for him to be "wisely wanton" or "cleanly wanton" as he puts it. Literature, Greek, Latin and English, would have given him nine-tenths of what he says of women. In fact he repeats most things which have been said by them, from which we might conclude that he meant nothing. The rest is his own. It is Herrick himself who writes of women as if they were flowers, or even as if they were no more animate than their scented clothes. It is Herrick himself who likes to think of his "mistresses" about his dead body as another man might wish for flowers. For us there is something perfectly congruous with all this in the portrait which Mr. Moorman thinks a caricature, saying "We may, perhaps, accept the lustrous eye, the thick, tight curls and the curious beak-like nose which calls to mind the busts of the Emperor Vespasian; but the fat stolidity of the rest of the face, together with the grotesque neck, leaves us incredulous or indignant".

We are neither incredulous nor indignant. We picture him a little big man, a coarse man with a shrill voice and moist lips, smiling much and liking to talk about women but caring little about them. There is a dainty unreality in what he says of them which becomes laughable and grotesque in a poem like

"Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,  
And nothing did I say:  
But with my finger pointed to  
The lips of Julia.  
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where;  
Then spoke I to my girl,  
To part her lips, and show'd them there  
The quarrelets of Pearl."

This calls into our mind a vision of the stout man actually telling "his girl" to part her lips and show her teeth to the gentlemen. However exquisite he is, he is not more real. However obscene he is, it is not with the obscenity of Nature. No more wonderful proof of the power of style can be found than the survival of the work of this trivial vicar, the author of "To Dianeme":

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes  
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;  
Be you not proud of that rich hair  
Which wantons with the love-sick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone."

#### QUARRY FOR BOOKMAKERS.

"The Manor Houses of England." By P. H. Ditchfield. London: Batsford. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Manor House has been discovered lately by more than one writer, and there is ground for anxiety lest the Chancellor of the Exchequer should turn to the old hall which once played a dignified part in village life and demand an assessment of what house-agents are pleased to call "old-world charm". We are grateful therefore to gentlemen of the pen for putting difficulties in the way of classification. A short time ago one of these defined a manor house as "a dewdrop from the past—pure, pellucid, peaceful", and now Mr. Ditchfield comes forward to explain that houses of the type mentioned "are very humbleminded, very retiring". If a humbleminded dewdrop is not enough to puzzle Mr. Lloyd George as well as shame him, it should at least excite sympathy for the venerable home of the feudal tenant and help to induce the interest in it which Mr. Ditchfield desires. But Mr. Ditchfield wrongs the picturesque buildings he bids us admire, for though he thinks "they seem in quest of peace and love obscurity", many are dragged out which must be

feeling weary from sitting to the snapshotter. He tells us "it would have been an easy task to fill the volume with pictures and descriptions of well-known buildings that have often been photographed and sketched, . . . but an attempt has been made to go outside the beaten track", etc.; unfortunately the attempt has taken him to Packwood, Chastleton, Compton, Sutton Courtney, S. Catherine's Court, Old Shoyswell, Canons Ashby, Parham Hall, Stockton, Owlpen, Sandford Orcas, Grete, Nun Upton and Hall-i'-the-Wood, places illustrated and described at length in "Country Life", a popular weekly of which Mr. Ditchfield may not have heard.

In the summer of 1907 a spirit of adventure seized on one, Oswald Barron by name, prompting him to visit inaccessible Bolton; curiosity led him to Hall-i'-the-Wood, where, on entering, he paused to notice the door, "massive in its oaken timber, strapped with long flowery-ended hinges and studded with great nail-heads". In making a tour of the house his critical eye was caught evidently by the "Starkies' shield of arms, whose six storks play on their name", for he marked down the bearings figured in the plasterwork of the hall. Wandering from the "oft-trodden road", Mr. Ditchfield—or his deputy—has also entered Hall-i'-the-Wood by "a grand oak door with long flowery-ended hinges and studded with nails"—perhaps the same door. The mullions, transoms, ceiling and seventeenth-century mantelpiece in the drawing-room evidently struck him much as they did Mr. Barron; but in the interval between their respective visits the Starkie storks have become stalks, a fact which, though of scientific interest, argues badly for the care taken by the Corporation of Bolton, whose duty it was to look after the birds. We think it worthy of mention since an account given by Mr. Ditchfield of an ancient home of the Willoughbys corroborates an earlier visitor and shows Time in less merry mood than at Bolton. In the leafy month of 1909 a contributor to "Country Life", signing himself "T", journeyed to Parham Old Hall, and here is an extract from his description placed against the later report obtained by Mr. Ditchfield:

Monsieur T.

Rev. P. Ditchfield.

"Rising sheer out of its broad tree-girt moat, its walls—of rich red where the bricks are crumbling, of green and grey and yellow where they are overspread with moss and lichens. . . ."

"It rises sheer out of its broad tree-girt moat, its walls of rich red where the bricks are crumbling, of green and grey and yellow where they are overspread with moss and lichens."

Mr. Ditchfield tenders his thanks to a lady for going to the British Museum to unearth history for some of his very retiring manors. Why did he send her so far afield? Any average well-equipped library could have supplied all he wanted. As Rudder has been freely drawn upon for houses in Gloucestershire, there could have been no scruple about using Collinson for the neighbouring County of Somerset. Collinson expressly states that Preston "was anciently, as it is at present, divided into two manors", and says that one got the appellation of Preston Plucknet, having been parcel of the estate of the family of Plugenet, whilst the other was dubbed Bermondsey because Ansgarius Brito made a gift of it in 1126 to the Cluniac Priory of Our Holy Saviour of Bermondsey. Mr. Ditchfield has confused Preston Plucknet with Preston Bermondsey. Something less than original research at the British Museum would have prevented a mistake of this kind, and reflection might have shaken his faith in the sound sense of the fine old English gentleman whose contempt for foundations has frequently put much solid cash into the pockets of professional architects. The good taste of our fathers, judged from the standpoint adopted by Mr. Ditchfield, is not altogether beyond reproach; oak panelling is not naturally dark, nor was it left in early days innocent of artificial colouring. Since Mr. Ditchfield believes the painting of woodwork to have originated in a debased age, let him seek the Close Roll 21, Henry III., Cap. V., quoted by the late

Mr. Bliss Saunders, and he will find an order to wainscot a room in Windsor Castle "with boards radiated and coloured so that nothing might be reprehensible in that wainscote". To be quite candid, we think this sketchy little treatise with a pretentious title might have been put together by any gushing Miss of an antiquarian turn without the slightest risk of upset to her mental balance.

#### A LITERARY APOTHECARY.

"Sterne: a Study." By Walter Sichel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1910. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS study of Sterne, as Mr. Sichel calls it, would be quite good if nobody had ever thought of studying Sterne before Mr. Sichel undertook to do it. Mr. Sichel is no doubt a competent maker of books, and is very deft in making old things look like new. He has an air and a pose, and the art of suggesting that he is doing something important which other writers have overlooked. Mr. Sichel must have read in Sterne that most new books are made as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out the contents of old bottles into others. But he bravely ignores this rather depressing fact, and his skilful writing goes far to conceal it from the innocent reader. Mr. Sichel succeeds surprisingly, and there is no reason why Sterne should not be as profitably studied with Mr. Sichel as with any of the others who have written about him. The latest similar thing was done just a year ago by Professor Wilbur Cross for America; and if the price of that book had been eight-and-six instead of ten-and-six, probably English readers would not have had the advantage of Mr. Sichel's study. Shall we, then, to encourage British labour and to mark our disapproval of the American law of copyright, advise the reading of Mr. Sichel rather than of Professor Wilbur Cross? Instead of committing ourselves to one or the other we simply remark on the accidents of an accident upon which English literature may depend.

The reason for the appearance of two new books on Sterne within so short a time is rather a curious one if it is what we think. Sterne was remarkable for his liaisons with women. Sometimes they were of a grave and immoral offensive character. Mostly, however, they were innocent, but of a morbid, neurotic, sickly, philandering and supremely foolish kind. He left certain letters to women, which his daughter Lydia—who must have inherited some of his indelicacy—edited not long after his death. There was also a preposterously erotic diary in which Sterne kept account of his only half-sincere maunderings for the benefit of the notorious Eliza Draper. Mr. Sichel, as a special feature in his book, reprints this Diary to Eliza, and, we believe, says it is printed for the first time. Yet he says, as we should expect a competent literary critic to say, that the diary is a bore, and that any healthy-minded reader would itch to kick the writer of it. For what purpose, then, are these stale amours recalled and the unpleasant diary, which is valueless as literature, reprinted?

The profession both of Professor Wilbur Cross and Mr. Sichel is that the autobiography of Sterne is to be found in "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey", and to know the details of Sterne's life is a kind of literary criticism. This is true, but it has been matter of common knowledge for a hundred and fifty years. Mr. Pitt and Bishop Warburton, Dr. Johnson and David Garrick knew as well as either Professor Wilbur Cross or Mr. Sichel, if not better, that Yorick was Sterne, and could trace the biographical details of Sterne's life in the records of the Shandy family not less but not more vaguely than Professor Cross or Mr. Sichel can do even now. Why, then, for this supposed purpose of criticism do we happen to be wanting two new books of Sterne's biography? Certainly not for those who have read and admire Sterne as one of the greatest of English writers, and one of the very few who are as great in Europe as they are in England. As for the before-mentioned innocent reader,

there are Thackeray, and Fitzgerald, and Traill, and Mr. Sidney Lee, not to mention the ordinary biographies, which have not much less actually to reveal about Sterne than either Professor Wilbur Cross or Mr. Sichel. Mr. Sichel has reproduced several interesting new pictures of Sterne in his book which make part of its attractions, but really there is no essential new material. We have mentioned the diary, and what Mr. Sichel thinks of it. Mr. Sichel may, perhaps rightly, present a rather more favourable character-sketch of Sterne than has been usual. Sterne, it appears, did not treat either his wife or his mother so harshly as was believed. It was not quite fair of Byron to speak of Sterne weeping over a dead ass and leaving his mother to starve. He made an unsuitable and uncongenial marriage, and there is no worse to be said of him than of many other unfaithful husbands, geniuses and others, who have quarrelled with their wives. In money matters we are rather surprised to hear that Sterne was both just and generous to his family, and the justice is more surprising in a genius of his stamp than the generosity. Otherwise we may say of Mr. Sichel's sketch of Sterne's moral character, in comparison with other accounts, what the digger said of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog", that he saw no points about it more than any other frog. If anything special may be attributed to Mr. Sichel it is that he appreciates better than most writers on Sterne the bearing of Sterne's unhealthy consumptive constitution on the perversions both of his character and the unhealthy brilliance of a great deal of his writing. As to literary criticism, what could Mr. Sichel or anyone else say, good or bad, of Sterne's books that has not been said from the time when "Tristram Shandy" set everybody talking about him in London and Paris and his creator began to be equally admired and scorned? It was only reserved for anyone who, for whatever reason, thought of writing on Sterne, not to write a dull book; and Mr. Sichel's book has not a dull page except the Diary to Eliza. And Mr. Sichel's literary craft in avoiding banality is even amusingly shown by his coolness towards the dead ass and the recording angel who flew up to Heaven's Chancery with Uncle Toby's oath. He says the right thing, and quotes the right things, for the instruction and admiration of our innocent reader who may want the "gems" of Sterne without their setting, which often enough is sufficiently bewildering even for alert minds. Yet it is curious that Mr. Sichel, who writes so well and has many very fine passages, should inflict on us "Heaven save the mark!", should speak of the "Sentimental Journey" as the book "which most renowned him" and of "another fuse being set to the match". And to these infelicities we might add some appellations due to Mr. Sichel's laudable desire to write well and be lively, such as "pictures painted without palette", "Unfrock thee, Yorick!" and "Who shall keep pace with such capriccios of sentiment or follow the dance of their demisemiquavers?" More strange, however, than these things is that Mr. Sichel does not make clear how Sterne's first humble literary effort in a purely local ecclesiastical controversy at York revealed his gifts to himself and his neighbours and set him on starting "Tristram Shandy". Most readers will miss the connexion here between the biography and the masterpiece, a rather important matter where the professed object is to connect the life with the writings.

We have still to answer the question why with so little apparent reason two biographies of Sterne have so recently appeared. It is to be found in Kitty de Fourmentelle, Eliza Draper, and other women with whom Sterne philandered, and in his relations with his wife. This is the kind of material upon which most of the books that have been popular of late have depended for their vogue. Sterne's life was, as the novel advertisements say, "replete with love interest", and his biography is quite entitled to take its place in any collection of recently published books that might be made under the general title of "Great Men's Mistresses and their Amours". Apart from this attraction in Sterne one must decline to believe that a sufficient



number of people care for him as a writer to make his biographies pay for publication. With it Professor Wilbur Cross in America and Mr. Sichel in England will find a public that cannot easily be sated. We have mentioned what Mr. Sichel thinks of the *Diary to Eliza*; yet he publishes it. He sighs as a scholar, but submits as an author who knows his public and its tastes.

#### MR. THORBURN'S BUTTERFLIES.

"Wall Pictures." By Archibald Thorburn. With Notes on Flowers by C. J. Longman; on Butterflies by W. S. Furneaux. London: Longmans. 1910. 30s. net.

WE love the study of nature but we are suspicious of "nature-study". Turn anything into a lesson and there is great danger of it ceasing to be, or never becoming, anything else during the scholar's life. To think of a child losing sight of the butterfly and seeing instead only an insect of a certain family of a certain class of a certain order is appalling. And, unfortunately, most elementary schoolteachers are entirely ignorant and careless of natural things until they become subjects of a lesson, when their regard is more deadly than their indifference. However, some few have a feeling for nature, and in their hands its study can be a blessing to the children—there can be but one greater. Those teachers that have in them the real thing will be thankful indeed to Messrs. Longmans for publishing a series of wall pictures of British butterflies and wild plants that falls short of nothing but the flowers and butterflies themselves. About these there is nothing of the lesson. The town child can be pointed to them with the assurance that if the feeling is in him—and it can only be drawn out, it cannot be put in—he will take to these creatures of God almost as though he had been shown them live. We wish the L.C.C. and other educational bodies would have them in every school under their authority. It would be expensive but truly economical.

On the whole the modern pictures of birds, butterflies, and flowers printed in colour or in any other process are far inferior to the old pictures. Open the first edition of that delightful book Colonel Montagu's "Dictionary of Birds" and look at the frontispiece in Volume I.; no modern illustration of the girl bunting which we have ever seen touches that one. It excels the modern pictures in colour of the girl bunting as a genuine Morland printed in colour excels the finest colour print that can be made to-day. Perhaps if we wish to make really "beautiful colour books" we must progress backwards; and, indeed, all round, there is scarcely any or no book illustration to-day that can touch that of our forefathers—just as our modern title-pages are far beneath the matchless style of a Pickering at its best or a Moxon in the days of Moxon's glory—and his financial ruin.

We have learnt so much in art since early Victorian days and Georgian days, yet have unlearned so much in one of the most delicate and pleasant, if minor, branches of art!

But the pictures of the butterflies and the flowers which Messrs. Longmans have published in this series seem to us something like a return to the good old days of honest illustration. Art or surface paper, or whatever it be called in the jargon of the expert, is here, but we suppose it cannot be avoided in the three-colour process. Shiny paper we dislike. Often it smells. It is heavy; it is pleasant neither to handle nor to look at. But in this series one is scarcely conscious of the defect. The pictures of butterflies drawn and coloured by Mr. Thorburn and produced by the house of Longman are so lovely and so true to Nature, one can hardly pick a quarrel with the paper, or pick a quarrel with anything or anybody connected with the exploit. Mr. Thorburn draws and paints the butterflies as nobody has ever done before. He is not an impressionist, and has none of the wayward genius of those Japanese artists who draw and paint birds. But there is in him something like the genius of absolute truth. His first essay

in this branch was seen in the frontispiece of "Life and Sport in Hampshire", published by Longmans in 1908, when he gave us orange-tip butterflies as orange-tips were never given before. Now in this new series we have several of the fritillary butterflies, the Painted Lady, the Red Admiral, and the marbled white butterfly and others. The whole collection is a triumph.

#### EGYPTIAN POTTERY AND GLASS.

"The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt." By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Edinburgh and London: Foulis. 1909. 5s. net.

WHATEVER Professor Petrie writes about ancient Egypt is worth reading, and his latest book is especially so. The arts and crafts of ancient Egypt is a subject of more than usual interest, and there is no one who knows so much about it as the veteran excavator and archaeologist. There is no other book, in fact, which occupies the same ground. It is a handbook in the best sense, giving the latest information in a clear and compact form on the matters of which it treats. The arrangement of the chapters is excellent, and the photographs with which they are profusely illustrated are such as we should expect from the author. Both student and ordinary reader will find in the little volume answers to most of the questions about ancient Egyptian art which are often asked but seldom answered. The answers to many of them, indeed, we owe to Professor Petrie himself. Thanks to his excavations at Tel el-Amarna, for example, we can now explain how most of the beautiful coloured glazes of Egyptian fayence were produced. Quartz pebbles, it seems, were first cracked by successive heatings and then pounded into fine chips. These were then mixed with lime and potash together with carbonate of copper, and the whole roasted in pans, the shade of colour depending on the degree of roasting. After the mixture had become half-fused it was kneaded and roasted gradually until the special tint required was obtained. The frit was next ground up in water, and the blue or green paint that resulted was "either used with a flux to glaze objects in a furnace, or with gum or white of egg as a wet paint for frescoes".

The process, as will be seen, was lengthy and elaborate, but it was already familiar to the Egyptian potters before the beginning of recorded history. A photograph is given by Professor Petrie of a fragment of green glazed fayence "with the name of Mena", or, rather, according to a recent discovery of Sir Gaston Maspero, of Mena's successor Athothis, the name of the King being inlaid in another colour, which was probably violet. At the very commencement, therefore, of the First Dynasty the art of glazing pottery in various colours was known to the Egyptians, and its origin and development must go back to the prehistoric period.

The invention of glass seems to have been of later date, and at present there is no clear proof that glass was known in the age of the Old Empire. This is contrary to the usual view, which was first rendered popular by Wilkinson, who saw in certain pictures of smiths blowing a fire with reeds tipped with clay a representation of glass-blowing. Professor Petrie, however, points out that no blown glass earlier than Roman times has been found in Egypt, and that a seal-cylinder with the name of Pepy of the Sixth Dynasty which has been supposed to be of glass is really of Iceland spar. The professor himself believes that glass was not invented or introduced until the age of the Eighteenth Dynasty. However this may be, it speedily attained a high artistic perfection; some of the vari-coloured glass of the Eighteenth Dynasty is equal to anything afterwards manufactured at Rome or even at Venice. The glass was never cast, and the designs were produced by threads of glass of different colours which were drawn out to various thicknesses. The threads were wound round a nucleus and the surface "dragged" at regular intervals. It is not until we come to the Roman age that the system of winding the threads was discontinued, and in place of it the threads drawn out at

full length and their ends cut off. It is an interesting fact that the Venetian glass-makers of to-day have returned to the old Egyptian method of manufacture.

There is no country in the world where the development of the arts can be so continuously traced as in Egypt. Egypt is the archæologist's land of promise. In a land where rain and frost are seldom known, and the sand is ever at hand to cover and preserve, the monuments of men perish only by the hand of men. Hence it is that the history of Egyptian architecture, sculpture and pottery can be followed from the beginning of the historical period down to the present day. It is true that in many directions Egyptian art seems to spring up full-grown; in sculpture, at any rate, there was retrogression instead of progress; but that is only another way of saying that the origins of it are hidden from our view. And the discoveries that have been made of late years in the pre-historic cemeteries of Egypt have thrown light even upon the origins of its arts. To a certain extent they were conditioned by the character of the country in which they arose or were adopted, and Professor Petrie has done well in his opening chapter to draw attention to the fact. In architecture, for instance, the windowless wall of the house or temple was due to the abundance of light, and the blank wall became in consequence a picture-book on which the scenes of life in this world and the next were represented in sculpture or painting. The lotus of the Nile, again, became a favourite motif with the builder: the capitals of his columns were shaped into likenesses of the flower and its leaves were modelled on the blank spaces of the walls. Egyptian architecture, like most other branches of Egyptian art, was essentially a product of the Egyptian soil.

#### NOVELS.

**"Happiness."** By Maud Stepney Rawson. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

The novelists seem to have taken to exploiting the country of the downs as scenery for their novels in a remarkable fashion. One of the latest to do so is Mrs. Stepney Rawson, whose new story gives descriptions and "atmospheric effects" of the country she has chosen as background to her romance. Despite its title it is a somewhat sombre story, for the desired "Happiness" comes to but few of its characters. James Telham—who, having made a fortune in the oil-cloth trade, buys an old house and estate that he may settle his son Jim—is a man who loves the land and wants to do the best for it and for his tenants, but the son whom he is seeking to establish is a weak and brainless young fellow. Matters become complicated when Telham's nephew Strachey Ruscombe (whom he has appointed as his agent) and Jim both fall in love with the same girl, Pansy Lessimore; they become still more complicated when Pansy, who really loves Jim, turns from him in consequence of his disastrous flirtation with a village girl and marries his cousin—with further disastrous results. Mrs. Lessimore, her daughter and Jim Telham are all such weak, irresponsible people that they could not fail to bring misery to others as well as to themselves, and it is only through the misery which they have brought that those of the characters who claim our stronger regard win through to happiness at the end. It is not, however, a story to be read for its "ending", but for the interest it affords—the clever renderings of diverse natures among the characters, the descriptions of the country in which the story is set, and the understanding way in which the author deals with the intricacies of the human soul.

**"A Newmarket Squire."** By Edward H. Cooper. London: Smith, Elder. 1910. 6s.

People are very foolish to bet, but the inhabitants of Newmarket are as virtuous as their neighbours. Those are the main theses of Mr. Cooper's latest novel, which has many of the merits, but not quite the crispness, of its predecessors. It is hard to take much interest in the love affairs of so invertebrate a person as Mr. Vaughan.

the Newmarket squire, who loses all his money but is saved from the workhouse by his friends. But the racing in the book is very good, and there are some inimitable scenes between Vaughan and the old friend—a solicitor—to whom he applies to disentangle his affairs. "A tale like yours is always divided into three parts. For the first hour—pardon my coarse language—the man lies like steam. The next hour he spends in telling me what I know already. Then he goes on for a fortnight dropping out new and important facts one by one." Could a chapter of morbid psychology be more neatly compressed?

**"The Crooked Spur."** By Richard Dawson. London: Rivers. 1910. 6s.

Mr. Dawson traces with some ingenuity the coming of "death, and disgrace, and misery, and all through the vagaries of a dashed mouse deer", as this old Major (an officer of the Major Pendennis type) puts it. The escape of a pet deer caused the death of an Indian colonel, which sent his daughter home to interfere with the plans of her beautiful cousin. The story is a blend of the turf and melodrama. The author knows his milieu, and there is, after all, no particular reason why a passionate, selfish girl should not scheme and plot as remorselessly in these humdrum days as some beauty of the Renaissance. Persuading a gentleman jockey to pull a horse in the Grand National may be quite as efficacious as was the obsolete poisoned cup. We do not like a ghastly final episode in which the mystery of a lost diamond is revealed, especially as we had guessed the facts and did not need Mr. Dawson's detailed explanation.

**"The Human Cobweb: a Romance of Old Peking."** By B. L. Putnam Weale. London: Macmillan. 1910. 6s.

This is not, as the sub-title might suggest, a Chinese historical novel, for the scene is laid in Peking just before the Boxer outbreak, and the characters are concerned chiefly with railway concessions. Mr. Weale can describe landscape and street scenes with success, but the web of amorous and financial intrigue in which his persons move is bewildering. The book, in fact, appears to be the work of a man who had much to say about China that could not well be fitted into his political studies, and therefore wrote a novel in order to say it. The picture of rival European concessionaires hovering round a venal but lethargic Oriental Court is vivid enough, but we do not pretend to understand the vagaries of his hero's emotions, and have quite failed to grasp the psychology of a lady who sacrifices her husband's honour to a casual lover and betrays her lover's professional secrets to a disagreeable husband. The prologue in London—necessary for the introduction of an English girl who is required at the fall of the curtain—is tedious. The sketch of Peking diplomatic life seems to be intended to contain one or two malicious personal portraits.

**"Theodora's Husband."** By Louise Mack. London: Rivers. 1909. 6s.

Miss Louise Mack's heroine, Theodora, is the beautiful damsel we know so well. She is very lovely and very innocent and very mistaken in her methods of managing men. Her husband, Sir George Allingham, is a rich, open-minded Englishman, and the two might have pulled well together had it not been for the machinations of a mischief-maker—a Mrs. Packin'thorp. This lady's villainies are startling, and her hatred of two people who are merely acquaintances is too sudden to be believed in. A young inventor, Marcel Fleur, had been engaged to Theodora, but broke off the engagement because he was poor. This gentleman of course turns up again at the least convenient moment, binding Theodora to keep certain troublesome secrets. The results are (with Mrs. Packin'thorp's help) flight on the part of the young wife and a long period of imprisonment for her husband. This story is quite good enough to hold some readers.

(Continued on page 504.)



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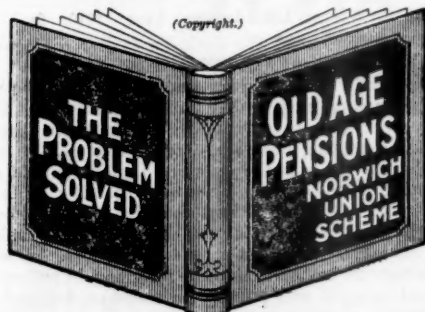
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**"The Question."** By Barry Truscott. London: Laurie. 1910. 6s.

People who can overcome (what ought to be) an instinctive antipathy to the type of gentlewoman who lets herself be kissed by a mechanic will find this book very soulful. Its undoubted cleverness lies partly in the study of a small Sussex town, but chiefly in the portrait of an inexperienced girl who feels herself called upon to direct her fiancé's career by the light of her own intuitive wisdom. The characters are well drawn and there is some humour in the story, but the final explanation between the lawful lover and the (quite virtuous) poacher on his domain is a situation rather beyond the author's powers. But there is vigour in Peniel Barton, the ambitious young builder whose strain of Jewish blood gave him more brains than belonged to his Sussex kin, while his English instincts made those brains a troublesome possession.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"India in Primitive Christianity."** By Arthur Lillie (late Regiment of Lucknow). London: Kegan Paul. 1909. 15s.

In this book the author of "Buddhism in Christianity", "Buddha and Buddhism"; etc., maintains the thesis that the Jewish sect of the Essenes derived its origin from Buddhism and gave birth to the religion of Jesus, and the primitive Christians. As the late Professor Max Müller pointed out, there are startling coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity, and these have been investigated by Professor Seydel and others. The most impressive of these coincidences are to be found (on the Christian side) in the early part of the Gospel according to S. Luke. But the difficulty is to find, as Max Müller said, the historical channels through which Buddhism influenced early Christianity. The only trustworthy evidence of such channels appears to be the statement of King Asoka, who in the third century B.C. embraced the faith of Buddhism and sent out missionaries to propagate it outside India. One of his inscriptions asserts that by their means "the double system of medical aid, both medical aid for men and medical aid for animals, is established within the dominion of Anaiochus, the Greek king". But, even if these missionaries made converts, say, in Alexandria, their Gospel (so far as it is known) did not extend beyond practical philanthropy and the prevention of cruelty to animals, coupled with a respectful toleration of other religions. And in this connexion it is perhaps worth while to point out that Philo of Alexandria lays stress upon the philanthropy of the Mosaic law, and holds, as against S. Paul, that God does care for the oxen. Nevertheless the coincidences do not establish the thesis in the eyes of many disinterested students of either religion.

Mr. Lillie, however, has his convictions, and quotes a German reviewer of his first edition—"the eminent scientist Ludwig Büchner in one of the periodicals"—as saying: "There is no longer any question of the close relationship in form and contents of the two greatest and most successful religions of the world".

**"Unmusical New York."** By Hermann Klein. London: Lane. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hermann Klein used to combine the professions of teacher of singing and musical critic. A few years ago he went to New York to teach the art of singing, and apparently he has returned to London to indulge in the amusement of criticism. This little book was originally a lecture; but Mr. Klein found what he had to say so extremely valuable that he expanded the lecture into a book. He has beaten his tiny nugget of gold into the thinnest imaginable gold-leaf. We in England are not greatly concerned with the musical or unmusical life of New York, and those that dwell in New York are probably quite indifferent to Mr. Hermann Klein's opinions about them. However, here is the book, and the curious on both sides of the Atlantic may, by paying three-and-sixpence, find out Mr. Klein's views. We do not find them interesting; but perhaps we have never esteemed Mr. Klein at his true worth. Certainly we do not take him at what seems to be his own estimate.

**"Success in Music and How it is Won."** By Henry T. Finck. London: Murray. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

A form of that absorbing occupation known in British political regions as "ploughing the sands" is dear to the souls of American musical writers. In dealing with a single artist in a brief article they come to the point and stay there; they say what they mean in an unmistakable fashion. When they come to aesthetics, or theorising of any sort, they are able to

write page on page in which one can detect no purpose. They ramble on, proving nothing and not trying to prove anything; they begin by bewildering the reader and end by exasperating him. The book now before us affords a case in point. Mr. Finck is one of the ablest of the New York critics; he wrote the best of the longer biographies of Wagner; he can be terse almost to the point of vitriolism. Yet in this collection of essays we perceive little but a torrent of words. One would say Mr. Finck had no point of view at all, so indiscriminately does he praise good and bad composers and interpretative artists. There are amusing and instructive things—a man of Mr. Finck's calibre could not write a long book without some creeping in—but they are embedded, hidden, smothered in a mass of stuff without purpose or point.

**"Many Memories."** By J. H. Rivett-Carnac. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1910. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Rivett-Carnac's book is happily named. It has memories for many people, and few more pleasant than those associated with the genial author himself and the gifted lady to whom it is dedicated. Naturally the best part of the narrative is that connected with India, where, in thirty-five years of service, he managed the whole time through to know nearly everyone worth knowing and to hear most of the good things that were going. Those whose lives have fallen in the same parts can refresh their memory with many an old joke or story here recalled. Those who have never known India may take for true this picture of Anglo-India in the easy days that are now unhappily passed. Unfortunately for himself Mr. Rivett-Carnac drifted too early in his service into poppy-land and missed the highest prizes. Yet in many ways outside his special department he did a great deal of excellent work, officially and privately, which has not yet been sufficiently recognised. Notably he headed the Volunteer movement, and his undoubted powers of organisation did much to promote its success. This volume gives him a claim to a greater distinction.

**"The Burman."** By Shway Yoe. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

The retirement of Sir J. G. Scott—for the identity of Shway Yoe has long ceased to be a secret—deprives Burma of its most accomplished official, but has made an opportunity for a fresh edition of his work. Others have written since his book was first published. Mr. Fielding Hall has given us graceful and illuminating studies of the religious and intellectual side of the Burmese character. Mr. Nisbet has written an exhaustive account of the history, sociology, and economics of the country. The Ferrars have put forward a beautifully illustrated story of the domestic life and surroundings of the people. But no one has succeeded in getting so completely in sympathy with the Burman or can draw on such stores of knowledge and experience as Shway Yoe. His work will remain unsurpassed as a picture of Burma and the Burman before the final annexation. In his leisure we may hope he will find time for a full survey of the changes which twenty-five years of British rule have brought about in the Upper Province.

**"The Mantle of the East."** By Edmund Candler. London: Blackwood. 1910. 6s. net.

Everybody who has scamped through Eastern parts comes home to write a book. Mr. Candler is not one of these, and he need not apologise for being something better. "What one gains in insight during a long stay one loses in the power of conveying," he writes. But the vivid first impression has grown a little cheap—it was never worth very much. Mr. Candler has more to give, and this makes him diffident in his power of giving. We have read many worse books with less modest prefaces. His scenes are well drawn. The colours are bright, but they are not laid on too thick. His ten varied and well-spent years in the East were worth telling about, and the tale is pleasantly told.

**"Althea"** By Vernon Lee. London: Lane. 1910. 6s.

Those who have read the author's earlier dialogues will find in these a different and a riper view of things. "Personal serenity is achieved quite unconsciously in the process of wondering what may be our duties to others." Such is her discovery; and, though it is not new truth, the quest that ends in finding over again truth that is old is often good to follow. It is as the record of a quest that the author wishes her book to be read. She asks that it may be taken and compared with the old by those who want a companion in thought. It is this spirit in the writer that makes the book so readable. Personally, we have no taste for wandering didactics on art and life and religion; but there is an honesty of thought and purpose in these papers and a gift of expression which make them stimulating and delightful in spite of all the things with which we do not agree.

For this Week's Books see page 506.



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"Nelson's New Novels":—Second String (Anthony Hope); The History of Mr. Polly (H. G. Wells); Fortune (J. C. Snaith). Nelson. 2s. net each.

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### HISTORY

Rear-Admirals Schley Sampson and Gervera (James Parker). New York: Neale Publishing Company. \$3 net.

The Story of the American Merchant Marine (John R. Spears). Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.

The Court of William III. (Edwin and Marion Sharpe Grew). Mills and Boon. 15s. net.

The Passing of the Shereefan Empire (E. Ashmead-Bartlett). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 15s. net.

The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80 (Colonel H. B. Hanna). Constable. 15s. net.

Diego de Sarmiento de Acuña, Conde de Gondomar (F. H. Lyon). Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d. net.

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### LAW

Foreign and Colonial Patents Law (Wallace Cranston Fairweather). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Road to Happiness (Yvonne Sarcy). Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

The Priestess of Isis (Edouard Shuré). Rider. 3s. 6d. net.

A Modern Pilgrim's Progress (Henry Sebastian Bowden). Burns and Oates. 6s.

Judas Iscariot (L. N. Andréjev). Griffiths. 5s. net.

120 Years of Life (Charles Reinhardt). London Publicity Company. 1s.

### TRAVEL

A Journal from Japan (Marie C. Stope). Blackie. 7s. 6d. net.

With a Prehistoric People (W. Scoresby Routledge and Katherine Routledge). Arnold. 21s. net.

Walks and People in Tuscany (Sir Francis Vane). Lane. 6s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce, The. Vol. III. New York: Neale Publishing Company.

Dead Letters (Maurice Baring); The Ascending Effort (George Bourne). Constable. 4s. 6d. net each.

Ideals and Principles of Church Reform (Rev. J. C. Barry). Edinburgh: Clark. 3s. net.

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**OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.**—This Company has been formed to  
 acquire the benefit of four Colonial Government Licences granting the sole  
 right to collect Rubber, Balata, and like substances over an area of 200  
 square miles (122,890 acres) of the Crown Lands in British Guiana, and to  
 develop the same as a Rubber, Tobacco, and General Produce Estate.

**SITUATION AND TRANSPORT.**—The Estate is located on the left  
 bank of the River Essequibo, and extends for a distance of 16 miles along  
 the River. It has an average depth inland of 12 miles, and is easily  
 accessible from the shipping port of Georgetown, the Capital of British  
 Guiana.

The Company intends to improve selected portions of the land with the  
 object of obtaining Planting Leases, and so secure the absolute right to the  
 Freehold. The annual rent payable to the Colonial Government on the  
 (4) Licences is £16 13s. 4d.

The Estate has been visited by Mr. John Parks, of Georgetown, British  
 Guiana, who has had a very long and extensive experience in the develop-  
 ment of Rubber Estates in the Colony. Mr. Parks' report is as follows:—

"These four Grants were prospectively by me during the months of May  
 and June of this present year, with a gang of tea Indians.

"The first of these Grants begins at the commencement of the Hiawa  
 Falls, and extends upwards for four miles with an inland depth of twelve  
 miles; at about six miles back the first lots of Sapim Rubber are met with  
 —they lie in the low valleys between the hills, where, on account of moisture  
 and dampness accumulated, the trees thrive to their best advantage.  
 Sapim Rubber is not difficult to grow, as cuttings take root very freely,  
 especially in a damp or moist locality. On these lands are to be found  
 numerous young sapling plants. Seeds are somewhat difficult to obtain, as  
 they form one of the principal foods of the Toucans and other birds. The  
 number of Rubber trees to be found to the acre are from 70 to 80. There  
 are also to be found thousands of Tonka Bean trees on these Grants. As I  
 have already pointed out, the Rubber trees are to be found about six miles  
 back. The other Grants extend upwards to about twelve miles, divided  
 from the concessions of Messrs. Garnettes by the Morawa River. In these  
 Grants are to be found three reefs of Balata or Bulley trees, Mimosa  
 Globosa Officialis Sapote species. The acre contains from 90 to 100 trees.  
 Seeds are plentiful, and if required for planting there are young trees in  
 abundance. By steam communication from Georgetown to Potaro mouth  
 direct takes 48 hours, and from Potaro River mouth to Hiawa, landing by  
 row boat, two days. Indian labour could be obtained. Fever and Dysentery  
 are very seldom experienced. Area of Grants, 200 square miles. This dis-  
 trict is also gold bearing, and placer work is now being carried on.—I have  
 the honour in certifying the above statement.

(Signed) JOHN PARKS."

"22-12-06."

"The Bulley trees to be found in Hoahing's concession consists of reefs  
 or reefs three in number, totalling to the extent of 15,000 trees to the reef;  
 the diameter of the average trees are about 18 inches, and the circum-  
 ference 3 feet 4 inches.

"The average Rubber trees vary from 2 feet circumference to 3 feet,  
 with an average height of from 60 feet to 70 feet.

"As long as the soil is damp and contains oxides of iron freely, Sapim  
 Rubber will thrive, and be assured the Latex will be found of good quality.  
 The Indians are very careful in the preparation of Rubber, because they  
 handle the matter with extreme carefulness.

(Signed) JOHN PARKS."

Rubber trees yield from 3 to 5 lbs. of Rubber per tree per annum.  
 Based upon the Report of Mr. John Parks, it is estimated that, with an  
 efficient staff, at least 25,000 Rubber trees can be tapped the first year,  
 62,500 the second year, and 75,000 the third year, with further increases  
 subsequently. It is proposed to systematically tap these trees, and taking  
 the average yield per tree as 2 lbs. only, it will be seen that at least  
 50,000 lbs. of Rubber can be collected during the first year.

**FUTURE POLICY.**—With the Working Capital provided by this issue,  
 it is proposed to acquire Planting Leases and Freeholds and to clear and  
 plant a large quantity of Rubber trees of the Para and Sapim variety on  
 the usual plantation system, in the meantime collecting under the Licences  
 all the available Rubber and Balata from the trees at present growing on  
 the Estate. Tobacco grows luxuriantly in this locality. It is proposed to  
 select suitable portions of the Estate and to immediately clear and plant  
 tobacco, which should prove remunerative.

The following estimate has been prepared by Mr. Edward Manna, late of  
 Para and Mannos:—

### PROFITS.

The first year's results should be:—  
 Rubber (say 50,000 lbs.) at a profit of 3s. per lb. .... £7,500  
 Balata (say 120,000 lbs.) at a profit of 1s. per lb. .... 6,000

£13,500

The second year's results should be:—  
 Rubber (say 125,000 lbs.) at a profit of 3s. per lb. .... £18,750  
 Balata (say 150,000 lbs.) at a profit of 1s. per lb. .... 7,500  
 Tobacco, estimated profit ..... 1,000

£27,250

The third year's results should be:—  
 Rubber (say 150,000 lbs.) at a profit of 3s. per lb. .... £22,500  
 Balata (say 200,000 lbs.) at a profit of 1s. per lb. .... 10,000  
 Tobacco, estimated profit ..... 2,000

£34,500

The above estimates are based upon the sale price of Rubber at 4s. 6d.  
 per lb., and Balata at 2s. 6d. per lb.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from  
 the Company's Bankers, Brokers, and the Offices of the Company.  
 Dated April 13, 1910.

For Public Information only. Subscriptions will only be received  
 upon the terms of the Company's full Prospectus appearing  
 in daily papers next week.

*This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.*

List of Applications will be opened on Monday, the 18th day of  
 April, 1910, and will be closed on or before Wednesday,  
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### ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes set forth in the  
 Memorandum of Association, and particularly to acquire the Rubber Estate  
 known as "Atherfield," situated in the well-known rubber producing district  
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The Estate is within easy reach of, and the produce can be taken by water to  
 the seaport town Mergui, whence there is a regular service of steamers to  
 Rangoon and Singapore.

Information as to the property and its prospects may be most conveniently  
 set out by reproducing the Report of Mr. H. P. G. Steedman, A.M.I.C.E.,  
 A.M.I.M.E., who has had wide experience as a planter in that district. His  
 Report is confirmed by that of Mr. John S. Low, who is technical adviser to  
 the Pontianak Rubber Estates, Ltd., and the Elak Rubber Estates, Ltd.

"Area.—The area of the Estate is 1,663 acres, comprising 406 acres  
 already cleared and part planted, and a further 160 acres for which the lease  
 is being prepared, with the right of taking up a further 500 acres.

"50,000 Hevea Brasiliensis Trees have been planted on the  
 Atherfield Estate, and are between one and two years old and growing vigor-  
 ously. It is a well-known fact that the Hevea variety of tree is that which  
 gives the most satisfactory results, and is far superior to the first elastic.

"The soil is rich and eminently suitable for the cultivation of Hevea  
 Brasiliensis.

"Catch crops of sesamum have been planted and have already yielded  
 more than the estimated profit of 100 rupees. Sesamum is an annual crop  
 and is an oil producing seed largely in demand by the natives for food. The  
 demand exceeds the supply available. The Government of Burma strongly  
 advocate and encourage the planting of this seed and issue detailed instruc-  
 tions and advice on the subject; they conservatively estimate the profit to be  
 obtained at 100 rupees (£16 13s.) per acre, and actual experience shows that  
 this estimate is moderate. Three hundred acres planted with sesamum this  
 year should yield a profit of £2,000. Sesamum in no way affects the growth of  
 rubber.

"I value the Atherfield Estate at twenty-five thousand pounds (£25,000),  
 and estimate that a working capital of, say, £7,000 will be ample for its  
 development.

### Estimated Profits.

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
Sesamum ..	£2,000	£6,000	£7,000	£7,000	£7,000	£7,000	£7,000
Rubber ..	—	—	—	2,500	12,512	18,487	25,500
	£2,000	£6,000	£7,000	£9,500	£19,512	£25,487	£32,500

### Income earned on total Capital—

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
	8%	24%	28%	38%	70%	100%	130%

"Although the selling price of rubber is over 11s. per lb. the above  
 estimates are based upon a profit of 4s. for 1913, 3s. 6d. for 1914, 3s. for 1915,  
 and 2s. 6d. for 1916. I have taken the cost of production at the outside figure  
 of 1s. 6d. per lb., whereas the figures supplied to me at the Government  
 Plantation would show that the total cost in London for rubber, including  
 commission charges, was 10s. 10d. per lb. In July 1909 a shipment of 941 lbs.  
 was sold in London at an average price of 8s. 13d. per lb., whereas fine hard  
 Para on the same day was selling for 7s. 11d. per lb."

(Signed) H. P. G. STEEDMAN."

"LONDON: 2nd April, 1910."

"I have carefully read the report dated April 2, 1910, and made by  
 Mr. H. P. G. Steedman on this property; I have to state that I can  
 confidently confirm all that he says about the District of Mergui, Lower  
 Burma, which is essentially suited for Para Rubber growing, the soil,  
 climate and rainfall being everything that could be desired. Sesamum, or as  
 it is called in India, Gingelly is chiefly pressed in that country, and a large  
 trade in the same is done with Marseilles.

"JOHN S. LOW.

"April 8, 1910."

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## OOREGUM GOLD.

### CONTINUED IMPROVEMENT.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Ooregum Gold Mining Company of India, Limited, was held on Tuesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Malcolm Low (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. H. Williams, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, we have to-day to take part in two meetings—the first, the present one, is the ordinary annual general meeting of the Company for the submission of the report and accounts, and the second is for the consideration of proposals to adopt an entirely new set of articles of association of the Company. Of course, the two subjects are absolutely separate, but I venture to suggest that it will be to the convenience of all if both I myself and all speakers who may follow me be allowed fully to discuss both speeches at the first meeting, so that when we come to the second meeting we shall have nothing to do but to put the resolutions to the vote. Now, in asking your acceptance of this particular report, I am strongly reminded of the advice of a very experienced chairman of days gone by, who used to say: "First get hold of all the unfavourable incidents in your report; lay hold of them, grapple with them as best you may, and let the pleasant incidents follow modestly one after the other—come sauntering in, as it were, in a fashion at once sprightly and acceptable." Well, I can follow the first part of that advice, and I will deal at once with what I conceive to be the one and only weak spot in the present report in your hands—I mean the increase in our working costs. These were more than £18,000 greater in the year that has passed than in the preceding year. This increase, I must say plainly, is in the main due to the handling of increased tonnages. There is no one who objects to it, it is factually both the same as in the year before. Our total production for the year was 92,063 oss. of bar gold. Of this amount 9,181 oss. were derived from 125,349 tons of quartz milled, 12,677 oss. from 114,748 tons of tailings cyanided, and 205 oss. from 5,378 tons of slimes which we experimentally treated by the filter process. Last year I had the pleasure of stating that the year 1908 had been our record year in the matter of production. This year I am pleased to be able to say that our results have been surpassed of that late record year by 5,811 oss. It is satisfactory, too, to see that the average grade of the ore milled continues to advance. It stands now at 12 dwts. 15 grs. per ton of quartz. The improvement is not so marked this year as compared with that of 1908 over 1907. Still, it is substantial; it is 1 dwt. per ton. It seems small, but it means several thousands of pounds added to your resources. The working costs came to £184,493, and the balance in favour of revenue was £150,896. To that last amount we must add the balance of profit brought in from the year 1908, and the dividends received during the year by the Kolar Mines Power Station Limited, and thus a final figure is reached of £156,428. Of that sum £55,441 has already been distributed in interim dividends, income tax takes £5,866, allowance for depreciation £8,745, and further amounts written off come to £17,649, leaving a distributable balance of £58,727. Out of this we now recommend the payment of a final dividend of 1s. 6d. upon every share, both Preference and Ordinary, absorbing £54,115, and leaving £4,612 to be carried forward to next account. The dividend for the year on each Preference share therefore comes to 4s., or 40 per cent., and the total dividend on each Ordinary share comes to 3s. or 30 per cent.—a result which I hope may be considered satisfactory, especially when it is remembered that we charge nothing whatever to capital account, but pay our way out of revenue as we go. Gentlemen, I know not whether it is some frigid coincidence or whether we owe it to a certain dramatic instinct on the part of our worthy Secretary, but certainly it is a fact that the date of our entry on our new lease and the date of the report in your hands are identical. In any case, perhaps, the coincidence is of happy augury. We have prospered under the old lease, and we enter on the new lease in the justifiable anticipation of continued prosperity. Our sun has set and has arisen alike on a smiling land. This brings me to our proposal, viz., that we should take advantage of entering upon our new lease to adopt an entirely new set of articles of association. They are more suited than our present ones to existing conditions. Our present articles were framed thirty years ago, and, as you know, many and important have been the changes in the law governing joint stock companies during that period. Further—and now I come to a delicate point—the board consider that the terms of any extra remuneration which it might be your pleasure to allow your directors and managers might be improved, bringing them more into conformity with those subsisting in other companies operating in the same field, as, for example, the Mysore and the Nundydroog Companies, and the board trust that the proposals in this connection may meet with your cordial acceptance. What we think, and what we hope you will agree with us in thinking, is that any such extra remuneration, if allotted at all, should be made to depend upon the prosperity of each particular year, rising and falling with the amount of the dividends paid. Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to say that in matters outside mining, things have all gone well with us during the year.

The Secretary read the following cablegram received from the mine, dated April 11, 1910:—"Oakley's incline shaft.—No. 3 winze, 3,710-ft. level north from cross-cut east, 2 ft.; 1 os. 3 dwts. Bullen's shaft.—Main Ref., 3,810-ft. level south from cross-cut west, 1 ft. 6 ins.; 1 os. No. 1 winze, 3,810-ft. level north from cross-cut west, 1 ft.; 1 os. 2 dwts. 3,710-ft. level north from winze, 6 ins.; 17 dwts. 3,710-ft. south from No. 1 winze, 3 ft.; 1 os. 2 dwts. No. 2 winze, 3,710-ft. south from No. 1 winze, 1 ft. 6 ins.; 15 dwts. No. 2 winze, 3,610-ft. south from No. 1 cross-cut west, 3 ft.; 1 os. 3 dwts. No. 2 branch.—3,810-ft. north from cross-cut east, 1 ft. 6 ins.; 2 oss. 3,610-ft. south from incline winze, 1 ft.; 1 os. 1 dwt."

The Chairman: I think that those of you who are accustomed to follow the mining operations will consider that a very satisfactory telegram. I may take the opportunity of mentioning at this stage that our gold returns for the first three months of the current year considerably exceed those for the corresponding period of the year before. I now beg to propose the adoption of the report and accounts. It may, I think, be said of them that they show progress in most directions. We now close the volume of our late lease with a total record of between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000 distributed among our shareholders by way of dividend.

Mr. Edgar Taylor, in seconding the resolution, said that the developments of the past year totalled 14,868 ft. Generally, the year's mining work had resulted favourably as regards the maintenance and increase of the reserves; the deepest portions of the mine were continuing to disclose ore of satisfactory grade and fair width.

The resolution was carried unanimously. The retiring directors were re-elected, the dividends declared, and at a subsequent special meeting the new articles were unanimously adopted.



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